VESPER CHIMES.

BY

PHEBE A. MILLS.

HALIFAX, N. S.
WILLIAM MACNAB, 11 PRINCE STREET.
1872.

4590 June 20 '19.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM MACNAB,
PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Vespers	5
The Unknown Revealed	6
Thoughts at Close of Day	7
My Friend's Home	9
Friendship	10
Lines to My Friend at Cedar Grove	12
Sonnet to ———	14
Lines for Miss E. K———'s Album	14
Stanzas to ———	16
The Ideal and the Real	16
The Beautiful Land	18
The Past	18
Stanzas	19
Whispers of Friendship	20
The Death of the First-Born	25
Little Emma	27
Little Everett	29
The Graves of Loved Ones	30
Words of Hope	32
Stanzas to S. O. F.	33
Lines Suggested by the Death of James H. Keiver	36
Lines in Memory of Miss Susan J. Boss	37
Insufficiency	39
Reflections on the Last of Summer	41
Lines to My Friend in Cascade Valley	44
Adieu to Mount Clair	45

CAN PR5021 .M18V6

PAGE.

Lines in Memory of Miss Matilda Hillson - - - 48
Lines in Memory of Miss Mary A. Mills - - 50
" Pine Grove " - - - - - - 52
Lines to Brother S—— - - - - - 56
Our Forest Bride - - - - - - 57
Stanzas to —— - - - - - 59
A Dream of Elysium - - - - - 60
" Scenes of Nature " - - - - - 63
My Sister - - - - - - - 66
The Other Shore - - - - - 69
A Bud of Friendship - - - - - 71
Reminiscences of School Life - - - - 72
The Last Farewell - - - - - - 78
The Coming of Spring - - - - - 80
" Breathings of Spring " - - - - 82
Summer Days - - - - - - 84
Autumn Musings - - - - - 85
A Good Night - - - - - - 89
The Moderate Drinker's Bride - - - - 90
Night - - - - - - - - 94
Morning - - - - - - - 95
Autumn - - - - - - - 96
Reconciled - - - - - - 96
Last Words - - - - - - - 98
To One at Rest - - - - - - 99
My Childhood's Friends - - - - - 101
The Poet's Dream - - - - - 105
Sonnet to S—— - - - - - - 109
Died on the Race - - - - - 110
" The Dream Warning " - - - - - 112

VESPER CHIMES.

By Phoebe A. Mills.

VESPERA.

Vespera comes and shadows dark
Are draping the brow of the mountain high,
Hesperus shines on his ether throne,
And the Pleiads sparkle far up in the sky.

Nox from her ebon halls comes down,
And earth in her dark pavillion sleeps,
Morpheus steals softly through palace and cot,
And a watch over slumbering millions keeps.

Calmness sits throned on the cloudlets which float,
O'er the brow of the beautiful star-spangled zone,
The zephyrs have ceased their mild play in the west,
And the winds for awhile have forgotten to moan.

Freed from the trials and turmoils of day,
Earth's weary ones yield to the goddess repose,
The spirit eyes ope' on the dreamland of bliss,
Or gaze on the bowers where the amaranth grows.

The wild din of battle hath ceased to resound,
The clash of the falchion no longer is heard,
On the still evening air no clarion voice
Breaks forth like the wail of a piteous bird.

The cold dews descend, and the warrior's brow
Is bathed in the balmy effulgence of night,
The dead heed it not, but the living take heart
As they gaze on the pearly drops glittering and bright.

Deep silence prevails in tent and in grove,
Save where bacchanal hordes their wild festivals keep
Or Love holds its vigils in sorrow and tears
'Neath the shadow of Death—the twin angel of Sleep.

Soon these shadows for aye from the hill tops shall fade,
And the mists from the valleys of Time disappear;
And the watchers by death with the sleepers shall meet
In the beautiful light of a glorified sphere.

THE UNKNOWN REVEALED.

The past we dimly comprehend,
A misty veil the future shrouds,
Our finite minds in vain may seek
To penetrate its sombre clouds;
But when that other life shall dawn,
And we, with eyes of light unsealed
Shall cast a backward glance to earth,
The now unknown shall be revealed.

We know not now, but we shall know
The whys and wherefores here unknown;
Our spirits all shall comprehend,
When we appear before the throne.
"Our souls shall pierce all mystic state,—
All glades of blue, all symbols deep,
And take from off the eyes of Fate
The lids of her unstirring sleep."

THOUGHTS AT CLOSE OF DAY.

The golden sun,
Has sunk beneath the western sky;
Another night of rest is nigh,
And day is done.

The dying light
Gleams faintly in the far off west;
While softly ope' the gates of rest
To realms more bright.

Far up on high,
Like watch-fires in the azure blue,
Or eyes of angels peering through,
Stars gem the sky.

On the still air
A tide of low, sweet music flows,
And whispers of calm repose
Dispel each care.

I love to dream
In the soft hush which evening brings;
Then far away and holy things
More real seem.

To charms of earth
Our fallen nature fondly clings;
Our spirit yearns for higher things,
Of holier birth.

Joy hath its clouds,
And hope its chastened ministry;
And strongest hearts will sometimes be
By sorrow bowed.

But there's a sphere,
Where joy ne'er comes with shadowing wings,
Nor hope in tones of sorrow sings,
Afar from here.

There fadeless flowers
On trees of life immortal bloom;
No Sorrow there, nor shade of gloom,
Mars the bright hours.

O land most blest!
Thither my fettered spirit turns;
'Mid earthly cares, my heart oft yearns
For its sweet rest.

Father above,
Lead thou my wandering feet aright,
Guide me into thy perfect light
And law of love.

MY FRIEND'S HOME.

Nature is beauteous everywhere,
  Her varied charms are ever new,
But o'er a sylvan spot like this
  Methinks she sheds a lovlier hue,
These giant poplars towering high,
  All glorious in their summer prime,
Must surely charm the passers by,
  And win from some a thought sublime.

Were I an artist, I would paint
  A picture of this charming bower,
Were I a poet, I would write
  A stanza on each tree and flower,
For surely in this verdant bower,
  Arrayed in emerald hues so bright,
Some kindly muse would deign to stop,
  And fold awhile her wings of light.

How cheering 'tis to linger here
  Beneath the shadow of these trees,
Which glorious even yet appear,
  Though trembling in the autumn breeze,
Their summer garb remains unscathed
  Though autumn sweeps o'er vale and hill,
The sunbeams kiss their emerald leaves,
  And zephyrs play among them still.

'Tis beautiful to gaze above,
Where giant trees their branches spread,
While underneath in meekness mild,
The trembling snow drop rears its head,
Here poplars wave, and willows weep,
And maples lift their towering forms.
A shadow from the summer's heat,
A shelter from the winter's storms.

Surrounded by this charming scene,
May you the joys of friendship prove,
May sweet contentment wreathe its chain
Around you and the friends you love,
And may you as each spring returns,
Find pleasure in this calm retreat,
And may succeeding autumns pour
Their golden treasures at your feet.

FRIENDSHIP.

"In the midst of earth's sorrows where sin holds so sad a sway, a few of the flowers of Paradise spring up among the rocks, as if to remind us how lovely Eden was. Friendship is one of these."

Friendship, how sweet the name,
To those who friendship love,
Fair flower of Paradise below
Faint type of one above.

While journeying o'er the stormy wastes of this world's wilderness, how soothing it is to know, that

although no Eden now blooms for man, a few of its flowers still remain to cheer him in his onward pathway to the Paradise above. Among these flowers, none sheds a richer fragrance, or occupies a more extensive sphere than friendship. Without this life would lose its chief attraction, and become a burden too great to be borne. This world is sometimes called "cold and friendless," but if such were indeed the case, who could wish to linger here!

How few would wish to fix their dwellings, even for a short season, upon these mortal shores, were it not for friendship's soothing power!

In sickness how soothing, in sorrow how consoling, in trials how sympathizing, and in all the varied walks of life how cheering is the companionship of friends! It is true we may not always be privileged with their companionship; still the thought, that though absent, they are unchanged in their affection, should inspire us with fresh courage to pursue with unfaltering footsteps the pathway of life.

What would earth be without friends? Could we in imagination draw the picture of a friendless one, how dreary must that be! To such, life would be unendurable, and earth one vast chaotic waste.

How grateful, then, we should be to that Being who has bestowed such an inestimable blessing upon us! Could heaven have bestowed a richer boon than this on man, it surely had been done.

Friendship extends beyond the bounds of space; 'tis the connecting link between earth and heaven; at one

end stands the loving Saviour, clasping the golden links, striving gently to draw us to himself; at the other end stands fallen man, eagerly longing to participate in the joys of an immortal friendship, yet strangely resisting the efforts put forth to accomplish such an end.

Our earthly friends are very dear and the tie that binds us together is strong; but in heaven we have a friend who is infinitely better, and whose love is infinitely richer than that of any earthly friend, and this loving, this omnipotent friend, should, therefore, receive the noblest and purest affections of our nature. By loving Him our earthly friends will become dearer, we ourselves better; and the chain which binds us to heaven—stronger and brighter.

LINES

TO MY FRIEND AT CEDAR GROVE.

I have written thy name on Friendship's page
In many a glowing line of light,
I have wreathed it in thought with a garland fair,
Of virtue, truth, and honour bright,
I have graven thy words of hope and trust
Which sought my wild, dark doubts to calm,
On memory's tablet, where holy and pure
They shall ever remain a soothing balm.

And to-night, while the soft winds murmur by
And the wild birds trill their songs of glee
I bow at Friendship's hallowed shrine,
And offer a simple lay to thee,

I know that the token thus kindly given,
And prompted by memory's holy spell,
As a relic of happy days now gone,
In thy heart's fountain shall ever dwell.

And though perchance in the coming time,
Our paths may be severed far and wide,
Though the friends who now our life-path cheer,
May drop and fall at our very side,
Though changes may come with a mighty flow,
And sweep our fairest dreams away,
Yet the star of memory shall ever cast
A halo of light athwart our way.

We are sailing now on the world's dark tide,
Facing the fierce rough storms of life,
Our frail barks toss on the foaming waves,
Shrouded sometimes in mist and strife,
We scarce can see through the blinding gloom;
But by and by the storm will cease,
And our frail barks tempest-tossed no more
Shall glide in the haven of rest and peace.

* * * * * *

The lingering rays of the setting sun,
Gleam faintly now in the far off west,
The birds trill no longer their good-night songs,
And earth in her twilight robe is drest,
And while I gaze on day's lingering hues,
As they shimmer and gleam in the western sky,
I'll drop my pen and whisper once more,
'Mid the shadows of twilight, a kind "Good-bye."

SONNET TO ———.

Day's dying glories crown the distant hills,
I see afar the sunset's purple blaze,
Yon forest vast is wrapped in golden haze,
And nature's heart with unheard music thrills.
My thoughts go back to summers in the past,
To summer evenings shared alone with thee,
And I will hope that in the years to be,
Their memory still may haloes 'round me cast,
And though perchance we'll follow parted ways,
Each knowing not the other's hopes or fears,
Yet now I feel that through all other days,
Cherished shall be the memory of these years;
Wiser and calmer life shall henceforth be,
Holier the friendship in my heart for thee.

LINES FOR MISS E. K——'S ALBUM.

Morn's bright cheer is round thee now,
Youth's fair flowers thy pathway strew,
Scarce a shadow dims thy sky,
Life to thee is pure and new.

On thy brow the spoiler care
Hath no lines of sorrow made,
And the roses on thy cheek
Have not yet begun to fade.

Sweet for thee life's promise glows,
Beauty, friendship, love are thine;
Scenes enchanting to thy view,
Through the distant future shine.

Hope, in radiant haloes clad,
At her easel smiling stands,
While rare pictures of delight
Grow beneath her skilful hands.

Though a magic pen were mine,
Yet I could not tell how fair,
How enchanting to thy view
Are the garments Hope doth wear.

May thy path be always bright,
Ever glorious as to-day;
May no sorrow ever fling
Blighting shadows o'er thy way.

When the rose leaf blush of youth
Fades and leaves thy cheek less fair,
May the flowers of friendship, love,
Then a richer glory wear.

May the richest boons be thine,
Earth's best joys to thee given,
And upon thee ever rest
Blessings of the pearly heaven.

STANZAS TO ———.

I sit alone in this sweet summer twilight,
And beg my muse for one kind lay for thee,
But ah, I fear in vain will be my pleading,
My muse like thee keeps far away from me.

It seems so strange that both at once should leave me,
Is it because both love the hills so well,
I knew my muse was fickle, but my own friend
I said,—but what, 'twere better not to tell.

Suffice to say, that in this summer twilight,
While stars like eyes of love beam down on me,
My heart breathes forth a silent benediction,
That thou may'st ever blest and happy be.

May beautious stars of faith and hope attend thee,
And love, best of all earthly boons be thine ;
May friends, kind friends, surround thy pathway ever,
And round thy brow the brightest laurels twine.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

To live, to dream in fancy's realm,
To paint a picture bright,
To trace the future's mystic scroll
With many a line of light,

To wreathe with flowers of rainbow hues
The years of coming time,
To listen to Hope's magic song
And Love's low, silvery chime,
To dwell amid affections bowers,
Drink oft from Friendship's fount,
And twine the laurel wreath of Fame
Upon Ambition's mount,
To have enshrined within the soul,
Some peerless image fair,
That in the coming time shall help
Life's blessed weal to share.
To visions fair and bright like these,
Our ideal life is given,
Yet scarce assume their airy form,
Ere by the real they're riven.

To live and learn that life is but
The counterpart of this,
To find how vain and false were all
Our ideal dreams of bliss,
To see the garland fade we wreathed,
For the far coming time,
To feel the bitter mockery
Of our young hopes sublime,
To feel affection's blight—to weep
At Friendship's broken shrine,
To watch Fame's laurels melt away,
That once we hoped to twine—
To find the form enshrined within,

Naught save a fancy flower,
To concentrate our strength for the
Stern duties of the hour,
To bow to life's dark mysteries,
To wake, to live, to feel,
To toil, to suffer, and to weep,
Are portions of the real.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

They tell me of a land where fields are ever vernal,
Where skies are ever clear, and flowers are ever fair,
Where shadows never linger among the groves supernal,
Where joy is never sullied by mortal grief or care,
Where living streams forever in crystal beauty flowing,
Glide through empyrean bowers in fadeless verdure clad,
Where trees of life immortal beside the streams are growing,
Where souls are never weary and hearts are never sad.

THE PAST.

The past, the past, how oft in thought
We linger 'mid its bowers,
And pluck in fancy once again
Rich boquets of wild flowers,
And oft we roam amid the scenes
Of childhood's blushing morn,
Ere yet the heart had felt the weight,
"Of this cold, proud world's scorn."

We think upon the cherished past,
Of joys forever fled,
Of friends who once around us stood,
Now numbered with the dead;
And yet a deeper sigh we breathe,—
But 'tis not for the dead,—
'Tis for the weary ones of earth
Who still life's pathway tread.

The past has thorns as well as flowers,
For we have learned to feel,
That friends can make a wound, which friends
May strive in vain to heal;
We too have learned, that life at best
Is formed of light and shade,
That flowers will bloom, but where they bloom,
They too will droop and fade.

The past, the past, the cherished past,
Each spot is sacred there,
Each look, each smile, affection gave,
Is treasured up with care,
And O! when earthly toils are o'er,
And time itself is past,
May we with loved ones gone before
Find rest in heaven at last.

STANZAS.

Life hath its sorrows and its joys,
Its mingled hopes and fears,
Its gleams of sunshine and its shade,
Its blended smiles and tears,

Its blighted hopes, its dreams of bliss,
Its glory and its grief;
Truly a mixture strange is this,
Our mortal life so brief.

A changing world is this of ours,
And changing creatures we;
To-day bright with visions is crowned,
To-morrow, lo they flee.
And thus we grope our weary way
To the dim and vast unknown;
A myriad throng attend us there,
We enter in alone.

WHISPERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

I would not tell thee *all* my wild, strange fancies,
All my weak thoughts I would not have thee know,
And sometimes when my heart is sad and lonely,
To thee for sympathy I scarce would go:
Yet often in my hours of silent musing,
When all the world is shadowed unto me,
And phantom shapes athwart my room are flitting,
And I alone amid the gloom am sitting,
I think of thee.

I think of thee, of hours we've spent together,
Of twilight talks, and sober moonlit eves;
Of saintly stars, and softly stealing zephyrs;
Of blooming flowers, and gently rustling leaves:

But no vain yearnings for the past I cherish,
Though all too swiftly seem the hours to fly ;
For joys as pure are springing in the present,
And these long days to me are e'en as pleasant
As days gone by.

These summer days, how long they seemed in coming,—
So much I yearned for their deep, tranquil hours,—
How hushed they seem, how fair, and calm, and radiant ;
How bright the sunshine and the blooming flowers ;
Calmly the hours flit by on golden pinions,
I scarce can deem them passing, yet I know
The summer's blooming flowers soon will perish,
And the wild music which my heart doth cherish
Will cease to flow.

This golden summer with its wealth of beauty,—
Its long bright days, and eves of hushed repose,
Will soon have passed away ; but all its glory
Will fade not when its gorgeous portals close :
The autumn-time in rival splendors glowing,
A sweet, though sadder beauty shall display,
And all around shall lesser blooms be springing,
And music still, through glen and glade be ringing
At close of day.

But not to tell of summer's waning glory,
Nor yet of autumn's rich and varied hues,
Nor of the past, with all its recollections,
Would I implore the spirit of the Muse ;
But of the future, strange and dim and mystic,
That stretches out unseen, unknown, afar,

Gleams there no light athwart its misty portals?
Shines there upon its shores for watching mortals
No beacon star?

I search in vain to learn its deep, dark mysteries;
I cease to think I may its depths explore;
Too frail am I, too dim my earthly vision,
Too weak my mind to grasp its hidden lore.
But this I know, that somewhere in the future,
Beyond that misty point which bounds our sight,
There lies a region where from hills immortal
We may look in through heaven's shining portal
On fields of light.

And sometimes when at twilight I sit dreaming,
And often in the still and solemn night,
My heart goes upward, in its restless yearnings,
Toward those hills, and to those fields of light.
Life is not joyless, but my feet grow weary,
And shrinks my spirit from earth's bitter strife;
I yearn for rest, for joys that spring eternal,
For fruits that grow and flowers that bloom supernal
On trees of life.

And yet I would not murmur; but with patience
Life's rugged mount ascend, till from its heights
My soul with eyes of light shall pierce those regions
Where no sin sullies and no sickness blights.
And if for those beside me in the conflict
Some sorrows I may soothe, assuage some pain,
Not all unblest will be my earthly mission,
More beautiful will be Hope's bright fruition,
And life not vain.

I know that here, amid our earthly bowers,
Few flowers of Paradise now shed their bloom ;
Little remains of that first earthly Eden,
Seat of man's innocence, downfall and doom ;
Yet surely to the wreck of man's high being
Some holy, heaven-born principle still clings,
Some spark of the Divine, some link celestial,
Some image dim amid the dross terrestrial
Of heavenly things.

I fain would think that when the night is over,
The long dark night of Time, so cold and drear,
That souls which in the darkness seemed unsightly,
Seen in the dawn shall beautiful appear ;
And that from out the general wreck and ruin
An Eden fairer than the first shall rise,
Where richer flowers shall bloom to wither never
And man restored to bliss shall live forever
Above the skies.

* * * * * *

'Tis evening now, and myriad stars are gleaming
Like watchfires bright on the Empyrean hills,
And viewless zephyrs through the groves are stealing,
While night in pearly drops its dew distils.
Yet in my room alone I still sit dreaming,
But one whom I could name in thought is here,
And oft, as thus I sit amid the gloaming,
My truant fancies ever will be roaming
To bring thee near.

Thou wilt not chide if thus my spirit seeketh

Companionship invisible with thine to hold;
I love to think in time may spring that friendship
Which ne'er can wane, and never can grow cold;
I love to think that souls may be so blended
That naught their perfect union can destroy,—
That neither time, nor space, nor death, can sever,—
But mingling once, they may go on forever
From joy to joy.

I would believe there is a mystic friendship
O'er which time, space or death has no control,—
A link 'twixt kindred minds which naught can sever,—
A principle as deathless as the soul;
A firm, pure trust, with waning years growing brighter,
A blended joy, calm as the stars above,—
A mute companionship, unseen communion,
A heaven-made tie, a seal of sacred union,
A holy love.

* * * * * *

The night grows still; a solemn silence reigneth,
A holy hush o'er all around is spread,
And Sleep, Death's sweet twin sister, softly flitteth
Throughout the earth with swift and noiseless tread.
I feel her presence in my chamber stealing,
So let me whisper unto thee "Good Night"—
And when the mists of Time from hills terrestrial
Have melted all, may we on shores celestial
Dwell in the light.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

It was midnight. The voice of mirth no longer sounded in Egyptian courts and halls. Even the dark-browed king, beneath whose sceptre captive Israel groaned, had cast aside his regal robes and laid himself upon his couch to rest. Slumber-chained were his mighty nobles,

> "Those bearers of the casque and plume";

yet none dreamed that the Death-angel was passing o'er the land, and would soon snatch from the loving embraces of parents and friends the first-born of each dwelling. Yet so it was. At midnight's dark, mysterious hour, the ruthless destroyer replenished his quiver with the arrows of destruction, and went forth to accomplish his mission. Noiselessly, as if by stealth, he passed along through street, court and gallery, scattering his poisoned arrows upon every hand, until—

> "In slavery's hut, and haughty grandeur's hall,
> In regal dome, in stall and open field,
> Alike did death his iron dominion wield."

For a moment Egypt stood staggering beneath that terrifying shock of woe, and then a wild, heartrending cry ascended from every dwelling that might have moved

> "The hearts of marble sphynxes cold and numb."

Ah, what an awful hour must that have been which caused the hearts of Egypt's proudest sons to quail with fear, while terror-stricken women wrung their hands in

speechless agony, or clasped their dead offspring to their crushed and bleeding hearts. In all the writings of sacred history we find no other record of such a sudden and awful calamity as that which befel the haughty Pharaoh and his proud subjects. In vain had God threatened them with an outpouring of his vengeance. In vain had they been urged to let the children of Israel pass out of their land, until this last desperate woe had fallen upon them. Not until then was the proud spirit of the stubborn king humbled to obey the Divine command.

> "O Egypt! Egypt! say, what was thy crime,
> That God should bruise thee in his anger so?"

What was thy crime, that God should pour upon thee the cup of his indignation? What was thy crime that God should cast such a withering blight upon thy fair prospects? Answer it, ye who can! Answer it, ye "Catacombs where dwell dead generations!" Answer it, ye bones of Israel's captive dead, which lie beneath its burning sands! Echo it, ye heavens, beneath whose scorching heat the children of Israel toiled in bondage; Answer it yourselves, ye proud sons of Egypt, and tell us why such a curse was brought upon you. Hark, does not

> "One eternal groan
> Come up from every hewn and sculptured stone!
> That answers too significantly well,
> Men's powers were never made for men to buy and sell."

Where, then, is the glory which is reared upon unrewarded labor? Where is there a page in the "history of wrong and spoil" upon which a curse is not written?

Is not the brow, the soul, the very soil of the oppressor, "branded with the mark of Cain?" It surely is.

"And all the greatness tyranny can gain,
And all the luxury wrung from freedom's soil,
Shall sink by slow decay, or sudden, swift recoil."

LITTLE EMMA.

O where is little Emma gone?
We miss her smiling face,
We miss her blithe and airy form,
At its accustomed place.
We miss her merry singing laugh,
Her bright and beaming eye,
Alas! that one so young and fair,
And beautiful must die.

I seem to see her even now,
As still in death she lay;
I thought that I had never seen,
So fair a piece of clay;
But ah, I knew that bitter tears
For her were vainly shed,
That hearts were breaking all the while,
Because the loved was dead.

Beneath the damp cold burial sod
We laid her down to rest,
Pale as the white Gazenta flowers,
Which lay upon her breast.
But she is happier, happier far,

Than mortal tongue can tell,
For she hath gone with white-robed saints,
And angels bright to dwell.

Within her Father's house on high
She claims a mansion bright;
Where safe from sin and death she dwells
Arrayed in robes of light;
Softly she treads the golden streets
With all the angelic throng,
Joining with ransomed ones to sing,
The new immortal song.

A little while she lingered here
Beside the household hearth;
But ah, too beautiful was she,
Too fair and frail for earth,
And so her Father caught her up
To yonder blissful sphere,
Where sighs of sorrow never come,
Nor falls the burning tear.

Then sorrowing parents look above
Where sainted Emma stands;
A crown she bears upon her head,
A harp within her hands;
A little while, if faithful to
The help which God hath given,
Ye too shall bid this world farewell,
And go to live in heaven.

1863.

LITTLE EVERETT.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

Weep, mother, for thy babe,
Tears give the heart relief;
Weep for the tiny human bird,
Whose stay was here so brief.
Weep, but rejoice to know
That in heaven's garden bowers
Thy bud, translated, blooms anew
Amid celestial flowers.

Too frail was thy sweet boy,
Too pure and bright for earth,
Too beautiful to linger long
Beside the household hearth;
And so the loving hand
Of Him who dwells on high
Reached down and drew the tender bud
To gardens in the sky.

Thou wilt miss thy darling here,
Miss his sweet infant smile;
No more his tender winning ways
Shall passing hours beguile.
But, soothing thought, thy lamb
No pain or grief can know,
Safe sheltered in the Saviour's arms
From all the ills below.

Evy is happy now
In his bright home on high,
Above the ethereal dome,
Beyond the starry sky,
Never shall he grow old,
Ne'er sad or weary be,
There in the light of heaven he waits,
Mother, to welcome thee.

THE GRAVES OF LOVED ONES.

The graves of loved ones far and wide
Are scattered o'er this dreary waste,
While onward, onward still we glide,
And to their hidden portals haste;
Hoping that we at last may rest
Beside the friends we love the best.

Some in a foreign land repose,
And some beside their kindred lie,
Their epitaph the blushing rose,
Their canopy the calm blue sky;
Yet all alike to us are dear,
Be they remote or be they near.

A seaweed pall o'er some is spread,
Who slumber in the awful deep,
Yet these within their ocean bed
Are not forgotten while we weep;
Ah! no, their parting gave us pain,
Still, we had hoped to meet again.

And other loved ones, where are they
With whom we spent fair childhood's hours?
We watch for them at twilight gray,
Within the old familiar bowers,
But all our watching is in vain;
They slumber on the battle plain.

So, earth is dotted o'er with graves,
And thousands in the ocean sleep,
Far, far beneath its surging waves
Death many a lonely watch doth keep;
Yet still its surges wildly roar,
While none its secret depths explore.

It matters not where loved ones lie,
Their memory still to us is dear,
Whether beneath the calm blue sky
Or stretched upon a coral bier,
Old ocean may their bosoms lave,
But still we love the loved ones' grave.

'Tis true we fain would have them sleep
Where we might strew their graves with flowers,
And where we, too, might sit and weep
In memory of departed hours;
'Twere sweet to guard a loved one's grave,
And see the flowers upon it wave.

We may not guard our loved ones' graves,
Nor see the flowers upon them bloom,
But O! how soothing 'tis to know
We all may meet beyond the tomb,—
May meet and find eternal rest
Within the mansions of the blest.

1864

WORDS OF HOPE.

"Our eternal youth God will give back to us, even the most time-burdened, at some future day. Who shall doubt it?"

Our youth, our lost eternal youth, will God give back,
Pure and unsullied as when first He smiled
Upon His new Creation, ere the curse of sin
Or blight of death had fallen upon the world
And withered up the bloom of man's first Eden;
Ere the birds had changed their triumph songs
To wild sad wailings, or the morning stars
Had hushed their first glad anthem; ere had ceased
The shout of wondering adoration which burst forth
From heaven's angelic host, until the sound
Filled the immense above, trembled awhile
Upon the hill of God, then rolled in one grand chorus
Down through space filling this lower world,
And the eternal deep, waking an answering echo
To roll back and fill again the courts celestial.
Our youth, as then, and more, will God give back.
How many in our world to-day mourn for the strength
That never may come back? How many sigh
For the lost youth, and health, and spirits of delight
That, like the vanished years, will ne'er return?
How many who should yet be strong and young—
Whose years scarce reach the noon of life—
Feel that for them for aye have gone
The blush and bloom of their glad spring-time?

How many e'en with youth upon their brows
Bear in their hearts a burden that ere long
Shall waste the strength and beauty from their lives,
And leave for youth's sweet roses ashes and decay.
Hence sorrowful regrets and yearnings vain
For joys departed, sad forebodings of the years
That yet may come, and weary turnings from the strife,
And timid shrinkings from earth's burdens,
Fill the life of many human ones.
For these, for all, how sweet the thought
That God holds in His hand their vanished youth,
And that ere long He will give back,
E'en to the most time-burdened ones,
Not the lost youth of time, but youth eternal,
Which from that other life shall never fade,
But which through endless years shall bloom,
And brighter grow as the great cycles of eternity
Roll their unceasing round.
Eternal youth! and will God give it back?
Shall we become immortal? Shall we wake
From death's deep pulseless sleep to live again?
Shall we to immortality come forth who now
The image of the dying wear? We shall:
And then will God give back to us our youth.

STANZAS TO S. O. F.

Had I the Poet's burning brain,
Could I with speech my pen inspire,
I'd woo the Muses from their flight,

To kindle here their mystic fire.
I'd wreathe a garland for thy harp,
For mine, alas, remains unstrung;
Sadly I touch the untuned wires
While on the willow bough 'tis hung.

No magic power to me is given
To wield a "pure poetic pen;"
That gift may ne'er be mine which sheds
Such lustre on the brows of men;
But I can write of fields and flowers,
Of forest glades and purling streams,
Can paint in fancy pictures bright,
Which haunt, perchance, the Poet's dreams.

To thee the magic power is given
To sweep the golden lyres of song,
Obedient to thy touch they pour
A flood of melody along.
To Chester's Mount the Muses bore
A low, sweet echo of the strain,
Then spread their glittering wings and soared
To hover o'er thy path again.

E'en now, perchance, with pinions bathed
In crystal seas of sunlight fair,
They waft the music of thy harp
Through unseen regions of the air;
Softly anon the cadence floats
Through flowery dells and vales below,
And sweeter than the song-bird's notes
The measured numbers onward flow.

Then take thy harp and gently sweep
  Its mystic strings again for me;
The Muses will the strain repeat,
  For they are good and kind to thee;
And I shall thus a glimpse obtain
  Of those ethereal beings fair,
While they, perchance, a lower strain
  From me will kindly deign to bear.

Aye, sweep thy harp's bright golden strings,
  And pour a flood of mystic song;
Rehearse the memories of the past
  Which often round our spirits throng;
Thy strains shall soothe the present time,
  And make it seem more bright and fair,—
Shall cheer the lonely hour and cast
  A halo o'er the brow of care.

And when thy harp shall cease to trill
  The sad, sweet melody of earth,
May angels guide thy yearning soul
  Up to the spirit's land of birth;
A crown of life shall there be thine,
  A spirit-harp to thee be given,
And thou, with all the angel choir,
  Shalt sing the minstrelsy of heaven.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF JAMES H. KEIVER.

The conflict o'er, the journey done,
The pale hands folded to their rest,
The dark eyes closed in slumber deep—
He dwelleth now amid the blest.

A vacant seat beside the hearth,
A broken link in love's bright chain,
A flower faded with the morn,—
A young life blooming fair again,

A new grave in the burial ground,
A coffined form enshrined within,—
A pathway leading from the tomb,
A home in heaven free from sin.

These are the visions, we behold,
As memory, faithful to her trust,
Points our hushed thoughts to one who sleeps,
A last long sleep amid the dust.

We weep, our tears fall thick and fast,
For the young life gone out so soon;
He weeps no more, a dweller 'mid
The splendors of Eternal noon.

No more at evening's holy hour,
Shall he amid our circle stand;

No more the Badge of Honour wear,
Or clasp with us the friendly hand.

But far above our mortal sight,
Beyond Death's dark and solemn main,
Clothed in adornments pure and white,
Our Brother lives and loves again.

Farewell, beloved one, may we
Whose feet still press the thorny way,
Ere long thy ransomed spirit greet
Amid the realms of perfect day.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MISS SUSAN J. BOSS.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Close the drooping eyelids now,
Fold the still hands on her breast,
Smooth the tresses from her brow,
Lay the quiet form to rest,
Move about with noiseless tread;
Gaze ye on her face and weep;
Say not that the loved is dead,
Whisper she hath gone to sleep.

Yea, she sleeps, but never more
Shall she wake to mortal's call,
Life's short pilgrimage is o'er,
Earthly ties are severed all.

From the Upper World there came
  Tidings she alone might hear,
Then the angels called her name,
  Bore her to another sphere.

Gone, ere yet life's morning sun
  Shone from its meridian height,
Gone before the blaze of noon
  Dazzled with its radiance bright;
Gone in youth's sweet morning time,
  Gone while life was fresh with bloom—
Summoned to that other clime,
  Through the gate-way of the tomb.

Veil thy light, O Rising Star;
  Star of Hope, be draped in gloom;
Call thy members from afar,
  Let them weep beside her tomb.
Soon her race with us was run;
  Soon the battle fought and o'er,
Soon the victory she hath won,
  Soon hath reached the other shore.

She is gone—we left behind,—
  Who may solve the mystery strange,—
Human sight, alas, is blind,—
  Death to all a mystic change;
Dark life's pages oft appear,—
  Dim the light from heaven's high dome,
But the mystery shall be clear,
  When the ransomed all get home.

Daughter, sister, friend we mourn,
Thou so soon from us art riven;
But beyond life's mystic bourne,
Hope we thee to meet in heaven.
Thou hast only gone before,—
Only sooner run thy race,—
Only on the other shore,—
Sooner gained thy resting place.

INSUFFICIENCY.

"Amid earth's fairest scenes
There lurks the blighting mildew."

How passing fair the scenes of earth,
How bright her song-birds and her flowers,
What varied glories greet the eye,
Though 'reft of bloom are Eden's bowers.
Each murmuring stream, each floweret rich,
Each glowing hue to nature given,
Each sunbright morn and purple eve
Bring some sweet whisperings of heaven.

The golden sun and silver spheres
That cheer us with their holy light,
The radiant glories of the day,
The paler splendors of the night,
The mysteries of our lower world,
The deeper mysteries of the sky,
All draw our wondering thoughts above,
All point to heaven-built worlds on high.

We quaff in haste earth's rills of joy,
With eager hand we cull her flowers,
We grasp each proffered cup of bliss,
And reap the bloom from friendship's bowers;
And yet unsatisfied we roam,
Our spirits filled with strange unrest,
While, sad and worn, our aching hearts
Yearn for a dwelling place more blest.

Not all the countless gifts of earth
May still the spirit's yearning cry;
Not here below may weary souls
E'er find the bliss for which they sigh;
Vainly we look for perfect good,
Time's fleeting joys were ne'er designed
To quench the vast and deathless thirst
Of the unseen immortal mind.

Higher our aspirations rise,
For loftier themes our thoughts were given;
We long to see the upper skies,
And scale the sun-bathed hills of heaven.
Our mortal sight is short and dim,
And clouds will sometimes intervene;
We yearn to gaze where all is fair,
Without a cloud to mar the scene.

Upward our deepest feelings tend,
To heaven our holiest thoughts aspire;
We learn our sweetest notes of praise
In echoes from an unseen choir.

Our fairest dreams, our soul's best hopes,
Are closely all to heaven allied;
But perfect pleasures—joys complete—
Can only bloom "Beyond the tide."

REFLECTIONS ON THE LAST OF SUMMER.

"Farewell to Summer's gorgeous hues,
Its pleasant showers, its pearly dews,
Its sunny days, so calm and bright,
Again have vanished from our sight."

SUMMER is ended. Autumn has overtaken us. A few flowers still remain, as if to remind us how lovely summer was; but their glory is fast departing. Even now the husbandman has gone forth with sickle in hand to gather in the yellow harvest. Bending fruit trees, choicely laden, show that the time for the ingathering of fruit has come. The forest trees are fast changing their garb of green for one of red and yellow. The first dead leaves are beginning to fall, and soon the autumnal winds will sigh a requiem o'er the graves of summer. No one, methinks, can gaze upon the fading glories of this, the brightest season of our year, and watch the gradual decay attending its departure, but must feel a touch of sadness while contemplating the scene.

A few short weeks ago our earth was teeming with myriads of floral tribes, while forest, glen, and woody glade resounded with the merry songs of feathered

warblers. How bright, how calm, how glorious, was that golden summer time. Gaily, and with a bounding step, the child went forth amid the forest's dark recesses in search of wild boquets, while those of riper years listened with pleasure to the joyous echo of their gladsome voices. But the scene is changed. Instead of clustering wreaths, there are withered garlands; where the rose once bloomed, thorns only remain.

The memory of summers past has ever to me a hallowed influence; for it was at the commencement of a glorious summer season that a darling brother died. All through the spring months he pined and languished; then, just as summer had begun to dawn, he exchanged the transient bloom of earth for the fadeless bloom of the summer land of bliss.

Sweet brother, I remember how much he prized the fair young flowers, and how he would have the first green leaves gathered, and placed beside his bed.

He is now where the flowers are unfading. By the river of life he is twining immortal wreaths and garlands that never wither.

That summer passed, and autumn came; but where was she who had gathered the year's first leaves and placed them by the bedside of our dying brother? Alas! scarcely had the sunny dyes of summer given place to the variegated hues of autumn, ere she, too, passed away from earth. Close by the side of her sleeping brother they laid her down to rest,—there to remain until the resurrection morn calls her forth, not as a dying mortal, but a bright and glorious being in the kingdom of our Father.

Ah, there are many withered flowers in the gardens here below. This earth is rife with the ruins of decay. Wander where we may, in the sunny climes of earth, or among her cold and cheerless regions—by the streamlet's grassy borders or on the banks of the mighty river; in the cottages of the poor and lowly, or in the palaces of the rich and mighty—the unmistakable signs of decay greet us upon every hand.

"Go search the whole creation through,
Go linger 'mid her vine-clad bowers,
And yet a withering blight is found
To blast the beauty of her flowers."

O, were this earth our only resting place, how dark and drear this life would be. How soothing, then, to know that beyond this world there is a land where the brightness is undimned; where sorrows shall no more mingle with our joys; where hopes and fears shall cease to blend; where sickness and suffering shall be forever done away; and where

"Even death itself shall die."

There we shall not gaze in sadness on the fading glories of summer, or mourn over the graves of departed loved ones. There the river of life is eternally flowing, while upon its banks grow the trees of life, clad in immortal verdure. There, too, are psalms, and harps, and crowns of dazzling brightness. There flowers, too pure and delicate for earth, flourish in undying bloom. There countless hosts from life's great battle-field unite with angels to celebrate the praises of heaven.

1863.

LINES

TO MY FRIEND IN CASCADE VALLEY.

I have never stood in thy valley home
  Shut in by the purple hills,
I have heard not the voice of thy loved Cascade
  Like the murmur of myriad rills;
But I dream sometimes of a quiet spot,
  Half-hidden by whispering trees,
And a sound, like the murmur of waters wild,
  Is borne to me on the breeze.

In thought I have roamed thro' the length and breadth
  Of thy green and bowery vale,
I have found the place where the roses blush
  And the lily blooms sweet and pale;
I have heard the owl in his lonely haunts
  Hooting his own wild hymn,
And the answering echoes come faintly back
  Through the aisles of the forest dim.

I have found a place where the leafy boughs
  Bend down to the emerald sod,
I have seen one there at the close of day
  Talking alone with God.
I heard no whisper from unseen heights,
  But I knew by his rapt smile,
That his soul looked in through the pearly doors
  And gazed upon God the while.

How beautiful, e'en through the mists of earth,
Shines the light from that Upper Sphere ;
How glorious betimes from heights afar
Heaven's glittering courts appear.
How sweet o'er the troubled sea of Time
Is heard God's voice of Love,
Bidding us look from this " little while "
To the " sweet by-and-bye" above.

Thy valley home is sweet and fair,
Fair too are these summer hills,
The flowers bloom on from day to day,
And the bird its wild song trills.
We see the beauty and catch the song,
Mute rapture our heart-strings thrill,
For a moment life's wild unrest dies out
And the spirit's cry grows still.

May we yet a more saintly beauty find,
And to holier heights aspire,
From life's unrest may we each at last
To the rest of Heaven retire.
When the battle is fought—the journey done—
The garment of flesh laid down,
May we wear, not the laurel wreath of earth,
But a starry unfading crown.

AN ADIEU TO MOUNT CLAIR.

Adieu Mount Clair !
I have witnessed thy changing seasons all,—
I have watched from thy summits the snow-flakes fall
Through the wintry air.

I have culled thy flowers
In the balmy days of the sweet spring time,
I have listened at morn to the wild birds' chime
In thy forest bowers.

I have stood at eve
When the summer's sun was sinking low,
And watched its hues in their circling glow
Bright visions weave.

I roamed thee still
When the birds from their summer bowers had flown,
And autumn's tresses were widely blown
O'er vale and hill.

Faded and dead
Are the garlands which clustered around thy brow!
Silent and dim are thy forests now!
Their bright hues fled.

Thy garden flowers
Have folded their petals and gone to sleep;
While o'er them the ever-greens softly weep
In silvery showers.

Not now at morn,
May I list to the birds in thy wild-wood bowers,
Not now may I linger where blushing flowers,
The fields adorn.

But still at eve
I watch the sun as he sinks to rest,
While his circling glories adown the west
Bright visions weave.

I gaze once more
On the distant hills with their chaplet of blue ;
Once more from my window the mount I view
Which I've wandered o'er.

I must depart ;
Yet still for thee and thine Mount Clair,
Sweet memories I shall ever bear
Deep in my heart.

Treasured shall be
Each kindly word in friendship spoken,
Cherished in thought each friendly token
Bestowed on me.

Perchance no more
Shall I linger amid thy quiet bowers,
Or roam in the brilliant summer hours
Thy hill tops o'er.

But memory bright
Shall bear me back to the vine-wreathed hills,
And down in thy glades where the laughing rills,
Sing day and night.

* * * * * *

Thy hill tops fair
Are shrouded now in a misty veil ;
Again I breathe in the twilight pale,
Adieu, Mount Clair

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MISS MATILDA HILLSON, DAUGHTER OF JOHN AND MARGERY HILLSON, OF AMHERST, N. S.

" Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasing thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers."

" Weep not for her!" she dwelleth now
Where tears and farewells are unknown,
She walks in shining courts of light,
Her eyes behold the Eternal throne.
The lingering pangs of death are past,
Her weary days and nights are o'er,
No wasting pain, no fell disease
Can reach her on that other shore.

Slowly the silver cord was loosed,
Slowly her young life ebbed away,
While on her cheek the hectic bloom
Of death grew brighter day by day.
Earth's spring-time glory waxed and waned,
And summer garlands crowned the land,
Yet she, the human flower, still drooped
Beneath disease's withering hand.

She watched the summer days go by—
Saw the red autumn sunset's glow—
But when the flowers had faded all,
The whisper came that she must go.

Her waiting spirit caught the sound,
The veil of earth dropped from her sight,
And through the unclosed gate of death
She saw the pearly gates of light.

With joy she hailed the mystic change,
And laid the robe of flesh aside;
Calmly she met the boatman sent
To bear her o'er death's viewless tide.
One parting look—one last adieu—
A feeble fluttering breath—and then
The eyes so seldom known to sleep
Closed ne'er on earth to wake again.

"Weep not for her!" though ne'er again
Will she upon Time's threshold stand,
Her feet have gained a better shore,
Her home is in the sinless land.
No sorrow there can mar her joy,
No night succeeds the glowing day,
No sickness there or touch of pain
Again shall waste her life away.

"Weep not for her!" star-crowned she walks
Beside the crystal sea of light,
She bears the victory palm of heaven,
And wears the saintly robe of white.
Her gaze sweeps o'er unshadowed plains,
And boundless fields of living green,
There she beholds the face of God
Without a dimning veil between.

[NOT ORIGINAL.]

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MISS MARY A. MILLS, OF MOUNT MACCAN.

The spring flowers came with odors rife,
And verdant nature woke to life,
Gay tints adorned the foliaged trees,
Sweet music swept the scented breeze,
And the freighted zephyrs sang.
The forest aisles awoke with glee,
Enchimed with rural minstrelsy,
And countless murmurs far and wide,
O'er echoing dell and mountain side,
On the trembling breezes sang.

Young hearts were gay, but there was one
Whose race of life was nearly run;
She listless gazed on flower and shade,
On gilded height and verdant glade,
As she thought of days gone by,—
Days when, with spirits light and free,
She tripped in girlhood's romping glee
O'er these dear scenes and 'mid these aisles,
Lit up by queenly Flora's smiles
And the wild bird's minstrelsy.

Disease had marked her for its prey
In early bloom of beauty's day,

And day by day her form grew less,
With inward sapping pain's distress,
And the ebb of her fair young life.
She lingered long by the maple tree,
And craved when death should set her free.
A simple grave beneath its shade,
Where oft in girlhood's hours she played,
And sun and flowers were rife.

She lingered long where Friendship's smile
Oft lit the shady forest aisle,
And where fond Love had plucked the flowers—
The souvenirs of raptured hours—
Sweet gifts of the summer time.
She bowed, as thoughts of long ago
Bid silent tear-drops swiftly flow,
For sadly did her spirit grieve
For dear loved friends she soon must leave
In the bloom of her youthful prime.

But sweetly o'er that fair young face
Came smiles which could these shadows chase,
Sweet glimpses of a Saviour fond,
And a blest eternity beyond,
When her form lay 'neath the sod.
And then when the roses were in bloom,
They laid her in her narrow tomb;
Her spirit soared in heaven to rest,
And sought companions 'mid the blest
Around the throne of God.

PINE GROVE.

It was autumn when I came to Pine Grove. There were no sweet flowers, no green leaves, to smile me a welcome; but the great pines bent their lofty heads, and swayed to and fro as if to welcome me beneath their friendly shade. On the other side of the hills I had watched the golden summer dawn and fade, and deep in my heart was still enshrined the memory of its brightest days,—days whose strange quiet and peace had thrilled my heart with wondering joy,—days which I had yearned to grasp and bind so that they might not pass. But they faded all,—the bright days, the blooming flowers, my sweet joys, and the beautiful summer skies grew shaded with the dark clouds of autumn, while the trees shook off their bright tresses into the lap of the once green earth, and waited until the snow should hide them in their wintry tomb. It was then I bade adieu to the bowers where I had watched the flowers bloom and fade,—looked a farewell on the hills, and came to Pine Grove.

A chill crept to my heart as I looked over the faded earth, and up to the dreary November skies, and I half sighed for the warmth and light of the days that were no more.

But I had little time to waste in vain regrets. Stern duties awaited me, from the performance of which I might not shrink. Again the pine trees bowed their

heads and waved their branches, and I said, These shall be my friends. In mute whispers will we converse together, and if weary or sad, their silent sympathy shall cheer me ever.

Many times since that cheerless autumn morn have I come to Pine Grove. Sometimes through cold white showers of falling snows,—sometimes with the rain trembling down in great drops,—sometimes 'neath cold, dark, drizzly skies, with the chill winds sweeping around me, —sometimes with the sun peering out through banners of fleecy cloud; but the pines and I have been friends through all, and to-night, while I linger among the vacant seats in my quiet school-room, I hear them whispering without, and, looking up, I see them waving their branches as on that first drear November morn.

To me there is something inexpressibly sweet in communion with nature. For me trees, flowers and rills, mountains, forests and rivers, have all a silent and peculiar language.

I love nature at every season and in every place; but most when her great heart is throbbing to the glad pulses of the spring and summer time.

It was autumn when I came to Pine Grove, but 'tis spring-time now. The cold winter is over; the snows have melted from the hills; the rills again sing through the vales, and earth is once more preparing to don her emerald robes, and twine bright flowers among her tresses. There has been an unwonted fluttering and chattering among the pines to-day, for the birds have come back and are building anew their tiny homes.

Sometimes, as I stand beneath the sheltering boughs of the pines, and watch their heavy tassels trembling in the breeze, I think of one who erst lingered beneath them,—who listened to their mystic language,—wooed the gentle muse amid their slumbering solitude,—sang her beautiful songs until the quaint, dim arches rang with answering echoes, which floated away and mingled with the tender warblings of nature's wildwood minstrels. Why visits she no more her cherished bower—her sweet sylvan solitude? Ah, she dwells now in the vale of Hymen, and she hears Erato sing, and she lists no more for the simple songs of her Mountain Muse She has given her heart and hand to Adonis, and by his side alone she will henceforth linger; for him only will she sing and shine.

In a few short days I shall bid adieu to Pine Grove, and go away over the hills to Forest Retreat. Through the long summer months I shall go in and out amid its lights and shadows. Amid its groves,—but not of Pine. —I shall watch the wild rose blush, and the lily of the valley string its tiny bells. There I shall hear the birds sing at

"Blushing morn and dewy eve."

There I shall meet the little ones as they come from the green lanes and flowery valleys to con their lessons in the pleasant school-room. And there,—but I will look only on the bright side of the picture now, and let no shadow of to-morrow dim the glory of to-day.

* * * * * *

One year has passed since I bade adieu to Pine Grove, and the voice of spring is again heard, and the

trees are once more hanging forth their green tassels in the breeze. One year! It seems but a little while, and yet, during that time, how many changes have occurred in the lives of thousands of human beings. How many realize that life has changed—that it will never again be quite the same as it has been—that new hopes and fears, new pleasures and pursuits, will henceforth take the place of the old? Time brings changes to all, and 'tis well. The world would grow desperate were such not the case.

I sometimes wonder how it will be in that other life; whether we shall have some fixed, changeless employment, or whether we shall go on and on, ever tracing some new design, or watching the unfolding of some fresh glory. Will their be no heights to reach, no goal to attain, even there, or will our admission into heaven be the highest height—the only goal? "Will not noble work still go nobly on," and love and thought make a grander scope when the fetters of earth are unclasped and thrown aside?

We do not know. We shall never in this life unravel the mystery of that other; but this we know,—that if our lives are pure and true as God alone can make them,

> "Somewhere in that large, beautiful unknown
> Our place will be,
> And somewhere clasped within its boundless zone
> We shall fulfil our dreams of immortality."

LINES TO BROTHER S——.

Dear Brother S—— 'tis a bright May morn,
And wild birds carol loud and free,
While soft warm airs through the window float,
As I take up my pen to write to thee.

Spring with her smiles is here again,
Clothing with green the wild-wood bowers,
Spreading soft verdure o'er hill and dale,
Sprinkling the glade with sweet May-flowers.

Mild are the breezes which fan my brow,
Sweet are the songs which greet my ear,
The day-king smiles in the orient sky,
And the azure seas are calm and clear.

In my sanctum window I sit and gaze
Out on the fields and forest wild,
And my thoughts go back to the long bright days
When I roamed the forest—a little child.

How well I remember our long glad walks,
On the glorious summer and autumn eves,
When a laughing group of our little friends
Made a path with us through the rustling leaves.

But our childhood's friends are scattered now,
They gather not at the twilight hour,
They meet no more in the leafy glade,
Nor a shelter seek in some forest bower.

Some seats by the hearth are vacant too,
We linger in vain some forms to meet,
They have gone from our sight and their sunny smile,
Never more on earth shall our coming greet.

But life still hath duties for you and me,
Demanding our earnest thought and care,
We too must expect to share a part
In the trials and conflicts all must bear.

Life is not merely an idle dream,
Earth is not all one rose-bed fair,
And though there are roses, remember thou,
In plucking the rose, the thorn is there.

Be true and gentle, and kind to all,
Be a man in the conflict,—a man in the strife,
Act well thy part, and may'st thou at last
Wear the victor's crown of unending Life.

OUR FOREST BRIDE.

Black eyes glowing and sparkling,
Tresses of dark brown hair,
Cheeks with wee bright dimples
Lurking 'mid blushes fair,
Lips like red-ripe cherries,
Wreathed with bewitching smiles,
Small white hands deftly weaving
Tender innocent wiles.

Flitting about like a fairy,
  Gleeful as any child,
Glad as the laughing sunshine,
  Sweet as the flowerets wild,
Yet 'neath the fair exterior,
  Wearing a woman's heart,
True and tender and earnest,
  Governed by nature, not art.

Star of a wide home circle,
  The beautiful bride of one,
The gem of gems 'mid his treasures,
  In the sky of his glories—the sun;
Joy of his shaded seclusion,
  His rose in the forest dim,
Nestling alone in his bower,
  Blushing and blooming for him.

Parted awhile from her home-friends,
  Wins she all hearts to her side,
None know but to love and revere her
  Our beautiful forest Bride.
Loving and loved may she gather
  Bright flowers life's journey along,
May the years in the far away future
  Gush sweetly with sunshine and song.

STANZAS TO——

Watching the shadows afar at play
On the brow of the forest wild,
My thoughts went back to the quiet hours
When I, when I was a little child.
I thought again of the wildwood haunts
And of friends who roamed with me,
And one stray thought from the others soared,
And fluttered away to thee.

And I wondered if you were dreaming too
O'er the scenes of your childhood's hours,
If your thoughts went back to the long bright days
When you dwelt 'mid our Mountain bowers;
If the little group that had gathered oft
In our homes on the hill-side fair,
Still held a place in your manhood's heart
Or claimed in your thoughts a share.

The gentle zephyrs swept softly by,
And I listened to hear them tell
If the changing years as they hurried by
Had broken the youthful spell.
But one through the lattice softly crept,
And breathed in a magic tone
That the heart of the boy was still unchanged,
Though the face had older grown.

The shadows have ceased their quiet play,
And yet I sit and dream
O'er the hallowed scenes of the cherished past,
Which still o'er my pathway gleam.
Their glory wanes not through the mist of years
In the changes that come and go,
But ever a placid and mellow light
O'er the paths of the present throw.

May haloes bright from the past e'er shed
Their radiance athwart your way,
May the present hours be fraught with joy,
Serene as a cloudless day.
May rays from the future's unseen realm
Encircle your brow with light,
And may you at last wear a starry crown,
In a land where there is no night.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

All at once they stood before me—
They the beautiful, the good ones,
Stood before me 'mid the shadows,
Smiled upon me through the twilight,
Whispered to me gently, softly,
Of the far-off land Elysium—
Summer Land of the Hereafter—
Where the storm-cloud never lowers,
Where the tempest echoes never,
Where the flowers ne'er fade nor wither,

Where the shadows never gather,
On the hills of the Forever,
'Mid the groves of the Eternal,
In the home-bowers of the Blessed,
In the sunbright land Elysium.
Lovingly they pressed around me—
They, the beautiful, the good ones—
Caught me in their strong arms gently,
Bore me upward through the twilight,
Far above the strife and earth-mist,
Far beyond the clouds of Even;
Up through regions bright and airy,
Past the portals of the Sunset,
Past the starry hosts of Heaven,
Past the hills of the Empyrean,
To the sweet fields of Elysium,—
To the gardens of the Amaranth,
To the fountains ever springing,
To a mystic sea of splendor,
Dotted o'er with Happy Islands,
Brighter than the seas of Sunrise
Sprinkled o'er with gems of crystal,
Or the pearly tears of night time
Glistening in the eyes of Morning.
They, the beautiful, the good ones,
Led me to the happy spirits
Singing 'mid the groves of Amaranth,
Clad in trailing robes of brightness,
Wearing crowns with jewels radiant,
Sitting under golden banners,
Twining fadeless morning-glories

With the purple sprays of Amaranth;
Singing all the while so sweetly
Songs without a trill of sadness,
Sweeter than Æolian harp notes
Or the fabled strains of Orpheus.
They, the beautiful, the good ones,
Led me on through glittering portals,
Under shining domes and arches,
To the gateway of the city—
Sunborn city of Elysium—
With its palaces unending,
Walled with Amethist and Beryl,
To the Temple of the Great One,
To the Sapphire throne within it,
Canopied with purple splendor,
Curtained round with golden drapery,
Till the glory dimned my vision,
And my heart grew still with wonder.
Then they bore me back, the good ones,
From the Temple of the Great One,
Downward from the hills Supernal,
Past the watchers on the Empyrean,
Past the rosy gates of Morning,
Past the portals of the Sunrise,
Down amid the vales of earth-mist,
'Mid the bitter strife and conflict,—
Whispering, Keep thy garments holy,
Keep thy heart pure from the earth-taint,
And when morning dawns Eternal,
Holy arms shall bear thee upward,
And the Great One shall receive thee
In His home of Love forever.

SCENES OF NATURE.

" Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature sowed herself
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the cloud.
Whose minstrels brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round;
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm."

Earth must have been a glorious place indeed ere the feet of the spoiler left their deadly impress upon its hallowed soil. We gaze not now upon the glories of Creation's morning, nor listen to the melting music which echoed through the bowers of Eden; yet as we wander forth through Nature's wide domain, we behold scenes that are really beautiful and glorious, and we almost imagine, as we gaze upon the surpassing loveliness of the prospect spread out before us, and listen to the glad, sweet songs of the feathered warblers, that we are standing within the precincts of the " sacred garden, listening to the echoing notes of Eden's 'organ choir.'" Eden's bowers have faded, and her myriad choristers are dead. Her groves of Amaranth could not bloom beneath the spoiler's touch. Her glad musicians ceased to sing, or sang in tones of woe, in view of such a scene. And man, the crowning glory of creation, destined by God to be a holy, happy being, how must his soul have thrilled

with agony when called his punishment to bear, in sorrowing exile from his home and God!

Despite the withering blight which has followed in the trail of the destroyer, nature is grand and glorious still. I have never gazed on the lofty summits of the Andes, crowned with eternal snows, nor yet o'er Alpine regions trod. I have never seen the Niagara, with its "glorious robe of terror and of beauty," nor listened to the "peals sublime of its tremendous hymn." I have never roamed through classic Greece, nor gazed upon its famous mounts,—

> "Where Muses stay their mystic flight,
> And Poets' thrilling numbers breathe."

I have never trodden Italia's vales, nor paused amid her vine-clad bowers—"the embodiment of earthly loveliness." I have never dwelt amid the gorgeous hues and glorious dyes of Southern climes, nor beheld the cold splendors of Northern regions, but amid the humble hills and dales of Nova Scotia I claim my home.

> "Sweet land of my childhood, sweet land of my birth,
> The dearest and best in this wide-peopled earth;
> My heart shall be with thee where'er I may roam;
> I love thee, Nova Scotia, my sweet native home.
> I love thee, Nova Scotia, I love thy cool bowers,
> I love thy dark groves where I've wandered for hours;
> And should the wild ocean between us e'er foam,
> I'll remember thee ever, my loved native home."

Nature is beauteous everywhere. I love her at every season, and in every place. Every leaf that trembles in the breeze; every flower that blooms in meekness at our feet; every blade of grass that helps to clothe our fields with green; every moss and lichen; every shrub and

plant which grow around the abodes of men, are cheering to the sight; but when we wander forth amid the "solitude of vast extent untouched by hand of art," and behold nature as planted by herself, language is powerless to describe the beauty, glory, grandeur and sublimity of the scene.

Far away from the "busy haunts of men," in the depths of the trackless forest, or on the summit of the mountain high, the scenes of nature flourish in grand, wild beauty. Nestled amid the forest bowers are flowers of richest hues; murmuring through the forest glades are streams of crystal brightness; singing in the forest groves are birds with bright and gay plumage; playing amid the forest trees are soft, cooling zephyrs, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers.

"O, I dearly love the forest,
With its dark and shady bowers,
With its deep and cool recesses,
Perfumed with the breath of flowers;
With its streams of crystal brightness,
Murmuring gently as they flow
Through the green and verdant wildwood
Where the gentle zephyrs blow."

And the mountains, too, are beautiful with their arched summits reposing beneath the calm azure sky. I love to gaze, when day is departing, upon the distant hill-tops, crowned with bright golden rays.

Methinks if there is one scene in nature more beautiful than another, it is sunset upon the hills.

If earth is still so beautiful, notwithstanding the blight that has fallen upon it, to what can heaven be compared?

Earth is not all sunshine, not all beauty, not all gladness!

Here is night and darkness, and faded flowers, and sorrow, and tears, and death! But in heaven there is no night. There flowers never fade, and sorrow never enters. There tears are wiped forever from all faces, and death is unknown! Its garments are robes of spotless white; its minstrels "angels that excel in strength;" its "organ choir" "the spirits of the just made perfect;" its palace the throne of God; its ceiling jasper and emerald, its streets shining gold, and its prospect an eternity of rest, and peace, and pure, unalloyed happiness.

"When our life on earth is ended,
With its mingled hopes and fears,
When our feet shall cease to wander
Through this shadowy 'vale of tears,'
When the scenes of nature' vanish,
And shall fail life's flickering breath;
When these forms lie still and pulseless,
In the cold embrace of death;
May we find a place of rest
In the mansions of the blest."

1865.

MY SISTER.

Low in the damp cold ground
Beneath a snow-capped mound,
Where storm winds wail around,
My sister sleeps.

Pale as the flowers that bloom
In summer o'er her tomb,
There death in sombre gloom
His vigil keeps.

Calm as the dying ray
Of summer's closing day,
Her young life ebbed away,
And she was gone.
Broken were life's frail bands,
Folded the icy hands,
While we o'er time's dark sands,
Still wandered on.

I could not think her dead,
Though o'er her dreamless bed
Death's drapery was spread,
I said she slept:
But when I saw her face
So pale in death's embrace,
Yet stamped with heavenly grace,
I stood and wept.

The rude December gale,
Sweeps now o'er hill and dale,
Chanting a piteous wail
O'er withered flowers.
But thou art safe at rest,
In heaven among the blest,
No more by sin opprest,
'Mid amaranth bowers.

We may not meet again
In this cold world of pain,
Darkened by sin's deep stain,
But we shall meet
Around the throne on high,
Far, far, above the sky,
Where death itself shall die,—
Our friends to greet.

Then sleep, sweet sister, sleep!
The grave thy form may keep,
And friends may o'er thee weep,
But thou art blest;
Thy spirit pure and bright,
Hath reached the plains of light,
Safe from death's withering blight,
In heaven to rest.

And when this life is o'er,
And we 'mid storms no more
Shall walk this mortal shore,
Then shall we meet
Above the starlit zone,
Where parting is unknown,
Around the Great White Throne
To take our seat.

THE OTHER SHORE.

On the other shore they are waiting for me,
And they beckon me hence to the better land;
In fancy a shining group I see,
Standing there with the angel band.
There is one with brow of marble mould,
And eyes that gleam through lashes dark;
We know he has gone to return no more
To gladden the hearts in his childhood's home;
But standing now on the other shore
My brother beckons the loved to come.

On the other shore another stands,
Sweeping the strings of her golden lyre;
Her snowy robes trail on shining sands
As she joins in the chant of the angel choir.
She passed away in the dim grey light,
Which ushers in the approach of day;
We saw her fade from our yearning sight,
And knew she had gone from our home for aye.
We know we shall see our loved no more,
Save with spirit's eyes or in dreams of the night;
But standing now on the other shore,
She beckons us hence to realms of light.

And yet another is waiting for me,
On the quiet banks of that other shore;
Her angel form now methinks I see,
Standing with those who had gone before.

Sadly we watched her day by day,
As she slowly faded away from view,
We knew that the angels had called her away,
And nerved our hearts for a long adieu:
The solemn midnight vigil had passed,
And the morning stars shone with fainter light,
When the angel of death o'er the threshold crossed,
And bore her away from our yearning sight.

And there are others who waiting stand,
On the shining shore by the crystal sea,
Pilgrims no more in a stranger land,
They from life's conflict for aye are free.
Weary no more with earth's toils shall they grow;
Sorrow no more o'er their bosoms shall sweep;
Freed from the ills which beset them below,
The ransomed of heaven, no more shall they weep.
Darkly on me fall the shadows of time,
Weary am I of the toil and the strife,
But I rejoice that in yonder bright clime,
My loved ones are wearing the garlands of life.

And thus they are broken, love's golden ties,
Which bind us to beings of kindred birth;
Our loved ones depart, and with tears and sighs,
We lay them to rest in the damp, cold earth.
Life's sunshine grows dark as we sadly remain
In the desolate places which death hath made,
Yet a little while, we shall meet them again,
Where friends never die, and flowers never fade;

When the sorrows and conflicts of earth are o'er,
And our barks shall have gained the glittering strand,
We shall join the loved who have gone before,
On the other shore, in the better land.

A BUD OF FRIENDSHIP.

Friend, best beloved, my thoughts to-night
Flit through the silence unto thee,
While fancy 'mid the gloaming sweet,
A form like unto thine doth see;
And while the air is filled with songs,
Trilled by the choristers of spring,
On friendship's altar I would lay
For thee this trivial offering.

A trivial offering, yet had I
A better, thine the boon should be;
My soul would haunt the realms of song
To find one fitting lay for thee;
But, friend beloved, the shadows creep,
More faintly glows the dying light,
My lips are silent, but my heart
Goes forth to meet thine own. Good Night.

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL LIFE.

Among the recollections most dear to my heart are some of the memories of school life.

Away back across the misty tide of years shines the light of glad summers passed with sweet child-companions in the quaint old school house on the hill. Often, as I look upon the happy, eager faces of school children of the present day, or watch their merry sports, and listen to their joyous shouts of careless, gleeful laughter, I am carried back in thought to my own school days. While I write a vision of that far away time comes up before me. I see again the large old fashioned school-room with its long benches ranged against the wall. At one end of the room is the mammoth fire-place, in winter piled high with blazing logs, sending a ruddy glow even to remote corners of the school-room, and making the short and otherwise dark days seem almost lustrous. On one side, is a small eminence where the man of God stood on the holy day—for the place served for church as well as school-house, and proclaimed in reverent tones the glad news of Salvation. At the other side of the room, and opposite the "sacred desk," is the door through which we passed morning, noon, and night, and which was sometimes so boisterously assailed as to seriously try the strength of the hinges, and bring the good teacher to inquire into the cause of disturbance, and set matters right again.

The school-house of our more modern days is a very

different structure from the one described, but whether pleasanter associations cluster round it or not, we leave for the children of to-day to tell.

Of my first teacher I retain but few recollections, and even these are not of a very pleasant nature He was an elderly man, and I think suffered almost constantly from ill-health. He seldom if ever smiled, and I do not remember that he ever awarded to one of his pupils a word of praise, whether it was deserved or not. Sometimes his health did not permit him to come to the school room at all, and on such days his place was occupied by his brother, whose treatment of us was as different from that of the other as can well be imagined. If the other never smiled, he seemed determined to make up for the loss by smiling upon us almost constantly. And how he praised us—how often his hand rested upon our head, and how our young hearts warmed, and thrilled with love for the new, kind teacher.—How we would liked to have had him remain with us always. As it was, I am afraid we did not hail the return of our old teacher to the school-room with many demonstrations of joy. I am not certain that we did not think it an adverse fate that sent him back to us so soon. But we had not to endure the rigid rule of master D——, very long. The time allotted for his services soon expired, and he went we none of us knew whither, and I do not think curiosity ever prompted us to inquire. He left us no pleasant memories of himself to cherish, and childhood seldom cares to linger over a dark picture, so he soon ceased to be spoken of among us; but sometimes during these later years, I have thought I should

like to know what became of my first teacher. I shall never learn to think that his system of teaching was perfect, or even good, but I can make many allowances for the failings of one from whom the hand of disease was never quite lifted, and to whom no hours entirely free from pain ever came.

The recollections of my next teacher are more vivid. The long bright days that followed his coming, can never, I think, be quite forgotten by any of the little group that then shared his teachings. He seemed scarcely less youthful than some of the tender "buds of promise" over which he was expected with dignity to preside, and for the proper shooting of whose "young ideas" fond Papas and Mamas held him responsible.—If he did not find the task a delightful one we never knew it. We knew his rule was delightful, that

"His love was the law of the school."

and further than this we did not care to know.

How often from the sterner scenes that have since coloured my life has my mind turned back to those bright days.

How often in fancy I re-visit the old place. As brightly as ever gleams before me even now the glory of those early years.

I look in again upon the old school-room. I see the same long benches ranged against the wall, and upon them the sweet forms of my play-mates. There is a sober light in their young eyes, for the teacher is reading the morning lesson. A deeper hush falls on the little group, and each head is reverently bowed, as he closes the Holy Book, and in low, solemn tones craves the

blessing and wise guidance of "Our Father in Heaven," during the day, and His love and protection during all the coming days.

Study, with the exception of a short recess, occupies the hours till noon, and now we hail the hour, brighter and more jubilant, than any other,—the glad noon hour. We scarcely have patience to swallow our dinners ere we run away to our noon-day haunts. We first visit the "Spring" and enjoy ourselves awhile by sporting with its cool crystal waters. Next we hie away to Sweet-fern Hill, where some of the more courageous delight themselves by rolling from the top to the bottom, while others of less boisterous temperament, amuse themselves by twining slight boughs of evergreen, and fragrant stalks of the sweet-fern together. The restlessness of childhood seizing us again, we all go down to the bottom of the hill, where are a number of long sticks, and some mysterious holes in the earth. A discussion about King-fishers ensues, and a wonder arises in the minds of some whether the holes we have taken such pains to excavate may not at some future time become the real abode of King-fishers. For my own part, I feel quite awed by this opinion, and I almost expect the next time a stick is drawn out to see a King-fisher clinging to the end of it.

Soon, too soon, we think the noon-hour passed, and we go back again to our studies.

Pleasantly the afternoon flits by. The tasks are all said, the lessons ended,—the hour for dismissal is come. Slates and books are laid aside, little heads are again bowed reverently—the solemn voice of our Teacher once more ascends to "Our Father in Heaven,"—kisses are

given—good nights spoken, and—"school is dismissed."

For all of my teachers I cherish a grateful remembrance; to some I owe a great debt of gratitude for their wise counsels and faithful teaching. To one especially am I indebted for many bright glimpses of the beautiful, both from this and that other life.

May the blessings he so earnestly craves for others, be poured abundantly into his own life; and may the beautiful pearls of thought he scatters so freely, and the bright garlands his poetic fancy is ever wreathing for other brows be twined in one grand garland at last, to shed its glory forever over his own brow.

From only two lady teachers have I received instruction, and the time spent under their tuition was so short that I cannot accurately judge of the benefit I might have derived from their teachings, could I have remained their pupil a longer time.

To another teacher—one of later years—I owe much. His kindness, his goodness, his patience, I shall never forget. I used to wonder, and it is a mystery to me still, how he could be so calm and forbearing among such a boisterous representation of "young Nova Scotia," as that school contained. I had read of such things, I had even pictured them in fancy, but I confess I had never expected to behold the living reality. Each day, as some breach of order more flagrant than the last occurred, I expected to see his patience fail; but no, there he stood, calm, patient, immovable, not even a frown shadowing his brow, but if any had chosen to look, they might have seen a sad, grieved expression in his earnest eyes; and I am sure even the most thoughtless, must have felt how

just, how truly kind, were his words of reproval; for being a faithful teacher he failed not to reprove when occasion demanded it. Nor was his teaching confined merely to branches of erudite lore, or abstruse science. Wholesome, generous principles, regarding life and its duties, were assiduously inculcated. Education in its broad sense, in all its practical bearings, and such only as is calculated to insure the development of true manhood and womanhood, was his theme. Not all in vain were his unwearied exertions. Not soon will the impression made on one mind at least, pass away, and though in time, perchance, will never be known the number whose lives are "wiser and better" for his teachings—his judicious counsels and unsullied example, yet, the record is on high, the rich reward will by and by be given.

Toil on, kind Teacher, toil,
Scatter the precious seed;
Rich, shall thy harvest be at last,
And great thy glorious meed.

It is an encouraging fact, that the facilities for getting an education are being placed more nearly within the reach of all than at any former period; but of education, as well as of temperance, it may be said, "much yet remains to be done." There are still many errors to combat, many prejudices to contend with. For teachers there is a wide field of labor. None need fold their hands for lack of something to do. There is not only an opportunity, but an actual necessity, for more high-souled, generous endeavors on the part of teachers in general. If the "rising generation" is to be trained in the principles of true manhood and womanhood, the

teachers must be earnest men and women. They must think—they must feel there is a responsibility resting upon them affecting the destinies of their pupils during all coming time ; and if they are wise teachers, they will sometimes look beyond the labors of to-day, into the effects they may produce in the long coming to-morrow.

For each, for all, there is some work to do,
Some implement for every hand to wield;
None need exclaim, I here have nought to do;
God gives to every life a labour-field.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Farewell! close the eyelids gently,
Wipe the death damps from her brow,
Fold the pale hands o'er her bosom,
She hath done with sorrow now.
Care no more shall dim her vision,
Pain nor sickness blight her joy,
Resting 'mid the courts of heaven,
Nothing shall her peace destroy.

Weeping friends, come, gather closer,
That last conflict now is o'er,
Death, the latest foe is vanquished,
And she suffers grief no more ;
But amid the realms of glory,
Where a blood-washed band appears,
She a spotless robe is wearing,
Safe from sins, and doubts, and fears.

Fold her in a snowy mantle,
Scatter rosebuds in her hair,
Bind a wreath of flowers gently
On that brow so pure and fair;
There now calmly let her slumber,
O, ye would not call her back
From the blissful courts of heaven,
Here to tread life's thorny track.

Farewell! yet a little longer
Gaze we on that marble brow,
Once so fair, so bright with sunshine,
But so calm and heavenly now.
Clasp once more the hands now lifeless,
Kiss again the clay-cold cheek,
Vainly for her voice ye listen,
She on earth no more will speak.

Farewell! 'tis the last fond token,
One more garland we will wreathe,
Draw the snowy folds still closer
Ere we sadly take our leave.
She seems only sleeping sweetly;
One more kiss, it is the last!
Farewell! heeds she not the tear drops
Falling now so thick and fast!

Farewell! softly, gently bear her,
To the dark and silent tomb;
Weep not that a flower so lovely
Perished in its spring-tide bloom.

Weep not that her stay was transient,
In this dark, cold world of pain;
Only until death prove faithful,
Ye shall meet the loved again.

Farewell! farewell! we will leave her
In the silent tomb to rest,
But her spirit, pure and gentle,
Mingles now amid the blest.
There, 'neath trees of fadeless verdure,
Where bright flowers immortal bloom,
She a crown of life is wearing,
In her home beyond the tomb.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Spring is coming, I know, though her voice hath not stirred
The floweret's sleep, or the song of the bird;
Though snow-wreaths yet circle the brow of the hills,
And ice-chains still fetter the low laughing rills;
Though no bud hath yet burst on the verdureless trees,
Or blossom or apple spray floats on the breeze;
Yet soon will her footsteps be heard on the lea,
I know, for her wise ones have told it to me.

I have listened and heard her soft winds playing by,
I have seen her bright garments hung out from the sky;
I have caught a sweet echo from far southern bowers,
Where the wild bird trills softly its lay 'mid the flowers;

And down in my soul's secret depths have been stirred,
Precious memories which long ere were slumbering unheard;
And my spirit has thrilled to low breathings of song
Like the echoings borne from some Seraphim throng.

There are voices that whisper to me of her birth,
Apart from the voices that tell it to earth.
There are songs sweeter far than the zephyrs waft by,
There are smiles that are brighter than blush on the sky;
There are harpings that come from a land where the flowers
Unfold their bright petals 'mid amaranth bowers;
Where spring-time eternal unceasingly reigns,
And scatters her garlands athwart the green plains.

Spring is coming, and soon the now verdureless trees
Shall fling their gay blossoms abroad on the breeze:
And the low-laughing rills shall meander again
Through the meadows of green and dark nooks of the glen.
The birds will come back to our warm sunny bowers,
And the wild bee return to his haunts 'mid the flowers:
And nature aroused from her slumbers shall sing
Her glad gushing songs at the advent of spring.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

"I see the glimmer of the robes of Spring coming, not far away her coronet of rays. I see her in the twilight, in the azure of the south, like a luminous way to heaven."

"Not far away," already we
"The glimmer of her robes" descry,
"Her coronet of rays" we see,
And banners blue along the sky,
And clouds like "argosies from heaven"
Sail up and down the azure seas,
While softly through the air of even'
Sweet songs come floating on the breeze.

Creation feels the wondrous thrill,
Her great heart throbs and beats anew,
A soft blush steals o'er vale and hill,
And tender violets wet with dew
Ope their meek eyes in glades unseen,
In paths of human feet untrod,
Deep down amid their emerald sheen
Send up sweet incense breath to God.

New life in everything is stirred,
New scenes of joy glow everywhere;
Glad songs of insect and of bird,
And breath of verdure fill the air;
And murmuring sounds of unpent rills,
And gush of waters glad and free,
And voice of zephyrs from the hills,
All join the mingled minstrelsy.

And deeper breathings still are heard,
  Echoes long mute within the soul,
And slumbering tides of thought are stirred,
  While memories dear assert control.
And aspirations none may tell
  From hidden depths spring into life,
Lifting the soul awhile to dwell
  Above the earth-mist and the strife.

O Spring-time glorious, Spring-time bright!
  How soothing after Winter's reign
To feel thy genial warmth and light,
  And taste thy "dear delights" again;
Sad must the soul be which can feel
  No joy thrill at thy advent chimes,
And dark as sad o'er which doth steal
  No thoughts of ever spring bright climes.

These earthly Springs are fair, but soon
  Wanes the glad light, the glorious dyes,
Not long remains the radiant noon,
  Not long the bright unshadowed skies;
But when Time's Springs have faded all,
  When earth's fair flowers forget to bloom,
And rills to murmur,—birds to call,
  Shall dawn that Spring beyond the tomb.

SUMMER DAYS.

O beautiful summer days,
O cloudless cerulean skies,
O banners of golden light,
O garments of emerald dyes.
How your glory thrills my soul
Like dreams of the olden time,
Or magical chimes, which ring
Through the groves of an Eden clime.

Can this be the same brown earth
Which slept 'neath the winter's snow?
Whose hand hath adorned the bowers,
And bidden the flowers grow?
Who is making the rills to laugh
And crowning the hills with green?
Who hath covered the once brown earth
With a gold and emerald sheen?

There's a mystical hand at work
Under the beds of flowers;
It is God who is crowning the hills,
And closing the forest bowers,
He whispers and nature obeys;
The rills hear his voice and sing;
He touches the earth with his wand,
And flowers from their slumbers spring.

His mandate the seasons know;
  Spring blushes at His command,
And the beautiful summer time
  Like a gem drops from His hand.
A glory is flashing now
  On river, and hill, and plain,
And banners of golden haze
  Hang out from the sky again.

O beautiful summer days,
  Why must ye pass away?
O sunshine, and song, and flowers,
  Can ye not always stay?
Not till the changeful veil
  Drops from the brow of Time,
Not until summer blooms
  On the shores of the Upper Clime.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Earth's summer tresses have faded, and autumn is strewing on hill and plain her garlands of varied beauty. The wild-wood haunts are silent and dim, and no longer give back the echoing notes of nature's feathered choir. The forests have laid by their brilliant summer garments, and donned their gorgeous autumn robes. The air has lost its balmy fragrance—the perfumed breath of flowers. The skies are a deeper blue,—the stars more intensely

bright; while all around breathes a holy calmness, so like the subdued hush that precedes the coming of the Angel of Death, that we almost involuntarily look up, expecting to see his dark wings overshadowing us.

O, Autumn! Thou awakest echoes in the soul that have long been mute. Thou unlockest the secret portals of memory; and the graves of the past are opened, while phantom visions of its glory and grief flash vividly before us.

I was thinking, as I sat amid the dim shadows of the last still eve, and looked out upon night's radiant glory, while my soul drank in the deep stillness of the hour, what numberless changes had taken place since autumn last strewed her golden treasures upon the lap of earth! The moon shone down with the same mild radiance, and the stars glittered as brightly amid their curtain of ether; but other scenes than those which greeted me last autumn were present to my view. I saw not the low valley with dark hills towering on either side. I saw not the winding river, nor listened to its silvery chimings I saw not the dark grove of evergreens where the zephyrs chanted their nightly greetings. I saw not the little church with its blinded windows, looking so quiet and holy, nor the graveyard on the hill beyond with its white tombstones glistening in the moonlight. I saw not the pale invalid girl by whose couch I sometimes sat in the hushed autumn twilight. Her I shall see no more; for when summer next kissed the flowers into bloom she closed her eyes to the scenes of earth and went out upon the mystic waters of the sea of Death. She has gone to join her kindred—those of the family circle

who at an earlier period went out from beneath the shelter of home's leafy boughs, and shadowy shores of time, and passed out through the gates of the Unseen.

Ah! many who one short year ago sat in the social circle, beneath the genial glow of the cheerful autumn fires, shall sit there no more. Nevermore shall they list to the sounds of earth; nevermore in time return the kindly greetings of loved ones whose feet still linger on mortal shores. Their lives young and bright perchance, and glowing with visions of the coming time, have been quenched in the restless tide of death. Because of this, hearts once thrilling with fondest pleasure have become sorrowful, and eyes unused to weeping dim with bitter tears. And is this all? Shall the lives thus quenched never re-bloom? Shall the smitten and bereaved hearts never regain their freshness? Shall there be no reunion between spirits which here grew and blended together sweetly? Shall the severed links in "love's golden chain" never be re-united? If not, alas for us?

"Alas, for love if this were all,
And naught beyond an earth!"

Alas! earth with its countless mines of pleasure, its golden visions of good, its hallowed dreams of bliss, its thousand balms for human suffering, possesses no balm that can heal the wounded spirit or restore freshness to the smitten heart. All that wealth can procure, all that luxury can give, all that honor can bestow, all that friendship can obtain, in short, all earth's blessings, are insufficient to satisfy the wants of the soul. These things perchance might satisfy the desires of our earthly nature, but can they satisfy the soul panting and struggling in

the conflict of life. Can they still its restless throbbings? Can they allay its burning thirst? Can they still its yearning cries? Can they appease its deathless desires? Ah, no!

> "Earth's best promises but speak
> Arrowy words to bleeding hearts."

Earth has no home secure from sorrow, no clime where shadows do not fall—no covert where storms never penetrate,—no island retreat, around which ever slumber tranquil seas—no spot in all its wide domain

> "Where sorrow never lives,
> And friendship never dies."

Where then shall the soul find the rest for which it sighs? Listen! Soothingly sweet and full of Divine pathos is the voice of the Son of God, as He breathes the invitation "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Chastened and mellowed by the lapse of time, yet holy and pure, as when breathed by the lips of the Saviour, the invitation comes to us, and with its acceptance the sweet promise of rest. Rest! O how soothing! How often amid the din and heat of life, we yearn for the precious balm. How often our hearts echo the language of the Psalmist, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Not here may the spirit gain the goal for which it pants, but beyond this changing scene

> "There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
> With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
> Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling
> And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow."

We may not behold that land with our "dim earthly vision," may not see its towers or gates of pearl, or

shining streets, or crystal sea, or robes of white, or crowns of gold, nor breathe its balmy airs, nor pluck its fruit, nor hear the songs that echo through its bowers; but 'tis there, just on the other side, just beyond the valley of death. We are treading almost on its margin, our barks nearly touch its shores. A step, a fluttering breath, a closing of the eye, a loosening of life's silver cord, and we are there. Whatever desires for good we here have cherished, shall then be fully realized; and there, in the highest and holiest sense of the word, we shall rest.

"Here is thy rest, weary and bowed in spirit,
The soul's full measure, 'mid the unrest of earth,
Of deep content, of joy the saints inherit,
In the sweet mystery of the second birth:
This is the promise of His coming, earnest
To us of the eternal great reward,
O Lamb of God! may we when Thou returnest
Be of that band for whom is 'rest' prepared."

A GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, though daylight yet lingers
On the brow of the far distant west;
The cool evening breezes sigh gently,
As they lull weary nature to rest.
Far up, 'mid the depths of the ether,
One star sheds its silvery light,
As in fancy I gather the absent
And wish them a kindly good night."

The absent! O, tell me where are they;
'Tis only in fancy I see
The forms of the friends who have gathered
In days that are vanished with me.
Yet in fancy 'tis sweet to be with them:
I feel a glad thrill of delight
As I list for the sound of their voices,
And their kind, gently whispered, Good Night.

THE MODERATE DRINKER'S BRIDE.

She is a doating father's pride,
A loving mother's hope and stay;
One stands and whispers by her side,
Will you leave these and come away?
He tells her of a vine-wreathed cot,
Waiting the sunshine of her love;
He pictures out an Eden spot,
Only less fair than one above.

She listens to his pleading voice,
And leaves her girlhood's home behind;
She journeys with her youthful choice,
That other promised home to find.
They reach the place, 'tis passing fair,—
Fair even as her fairest dreams;
Art, wealth, and luxury are there,
A very fairy bower it seems.

She entereth on her new-found sphere;
  She takes the title now of wife;
She putteth by each girlish fear,
  And goeth forth to her new life.
Her home almost an Eden seems—
  So fair and bright its sunny hours,
So free from grief—she never dreams
  A serpent coils beneath its flowers.

Awhile the golden days flit by
  Like rays let down from courts above,
But soon a shadow dims the sky
  In her new atmosphere of love.
A shade steals o'er that Eden place,
  A blight falls on her choicest flowers,
A sadness gathers o'er her face,
  A gloom pervades her gayest hours.

Alas, for all her glowing dreams,
  Her new-found joys where are they now?
Upon her cheek shame's hectic gleams,
  A hot flush mantles o'er her brow.
What is it rends her feelings so?
  What is it wounds her woman's pride?
Ah, she has learned the truth to know,
  She is a moderate drinker's bride.

The galling truth has been revealed,
  The hidden serpent brought to view,
No longer 'neath the flowers concealed,
  He comes his work of death to do.

With breaking heart she views his spoils,
And strives to break his fatal spell,
Seeks to unbind his clinging coils,
And wean his victim back from hell.

Vain all her love—he who had vowed
To cherish and protect till death—
Behold him now, his manhood bowed,
With bloated face and poison breath.
The drunkard's blight is on his brow,
His withering curse within his soul;
His lips have breathed a later vow,
Allegiance to the drunkard's bowl.

Gone is the promise of his youth,
Lost in the wine cup's maddening glow,
Each principle of love and truth
Buried in misery and woe.
Madly he threads the downward way
Close in the serpent's deadly trail;
Love pleads in vain his course to stay,
Sighs, tears and prayers have no avail.

And she, the once fond happy bride,
Whose path seemed strewn with fairest flowers,
Mourns by her darkened fireside,
And counts with tears the lonely hours.
She looks back to the happy past,
Then at her blighted, weary life,
No marvel that her tears fall fast,
For she is now the drunkard's wife.

The years go by—long weary years,
Of misery, and want, and pain;
Meekly she struggles with her fears,
And strives her burdens to sustain.
Small, sickly forms surround her hearth,
Low, feeble voices cry for bread;
For these she gladly clings to earth,
She labors that these may be fed.

Death entereth now, and then the door,
Small, feeble hands grow strangely still;
Small feet no longer press the floor,
Small, wasted forms lie pale and still.
The mother crusheth back her grief,
And mourns in silence for her dead;
For her there comes no blest relief,
She still the weary way must tread.

Her steps grow feebler day by day,
Her sands of life are nearly run;
Her feet fail in her weary way,
Her sufferings here are almost done.
But one frail life-link still remains,
One darkened tie yet binds to earth;
Her trusting heart yet hope retains
For him who sits beside her hearth.

True to her early vows she stands,
By the poor crushed inebriate's side,
Gentle as when he clasped her hands,
And claimed her for his promised bride.

Deep lines of care now mar her brow,
Grief's silver threads are in her hair;
The last faint hope is shattered now,
Life's sunlight quenched in dark despair.

Again, beside a grave she stands,
Her last sad tie to earth is riven,
Meekly she folds her patient hands,
And sighs for the sweet rest of heaven.
It comes at last, life's wished-for close,
Death's blessed sleep her eyelids seal;
She bears no more life's bitter woes,
Her feet the thorns no longer feel.

They dig a grave, and kindly hands
Bury her where her children sleep;
Beside her grave no loved one stands,
And only strangers o'er her weep.
They leave her to her dreamless rest,
Her parents' once fond hope and pride;
Far from her girlhood's home so blest,
She sleeps, the moderate drinker's bride.

NIGHT.

Night's starry banners hang athwart the sky;
The moon in her high orbit sails serene;
A soft white mist sleeps the long hills between,
The gentle winds have "died into a sigh."

No sound of life through the still air is heard,
A silence dim and vast o'er all is spread;
All nature sleeps: the daisy bows its head
Low in the dewy grass. The warbling bird
Hath ceased its lay to trill, and in its nest,
Beneath the hedge it rests with folded wing.
No longer play the zephyrs in the west,
Or to the "forest aisles" sweet fragrance
Night spreads on the still earth her dewy p
And lets her jewelled splendors flash o'er a

MORNING.

Morn spreads her rosy mantle o'er the world
The day-king rises in his orient car,
I see his smile upon the hills afar;
The banners of the night are backward furled,
The sleepy mists rise from the valley's bed,
And curl in soft white wreaths toward the skies,
The lark to greet the sunrise upward flies,
The meek white daisy lifts its trembling head,
And opes its timid eyes to greet the light;
The birds call out anew amid the bowers,
Like pearls fallen from the crown of night.
The dew in glittering drops lies on the flowers.
Earth's toiling ones take up life's load again,
And sounds of labor rise from hill and glen.

AUTUMN.

A shade steals o'er the landscape's "green and gold,"
The sky takes on a tinge of deeper blue,
The winds sigh sadly the dim woodlands through,
And tender flowerets tremble in the cold;
The birds have ceased their gayer songs to trill,
And pipe in saddened lays the bowers among.
The insect world is still: nor hum nor song
Breaks forth from valley low or towering hill.
The forests vast their colored banners spread,
Where late the emerald tints of nature glowed.
The robin from his summer haunts has fled,
The cheerful wren seeks out a new abode.
Earth lays her faded treasures in the dust,
And life to death gives up the seal of trust.

RECONCILED.

Adieu! sweet visions of the past,
Fair hopes I've treasured many a year,
Subdued I yield them up at last,
E'en those my heart enshrined most dear.

I give them up without a sigh,
Though I have worn them next my heart;
I bow to life's stern destiny,
Which bids me with my idols part.

Long since I learned they could not bloom,
At least amid these earthly bowers—
Too bright the light, too deep the gloom—
Vainly I tried to save my flowers.

I counted all the glorious dyes,
Which in the opening buds appeared;
Alas, I know tears filled my eyes
When I beheld them brown and seared.

Fair flowers of friendship, buds of love,
I asked if I must give them up;
Low came the answer from above,
And they were taken from my cup.

And yet 'tis well some joys have fled;
Some friends I've known are friends no more;
Some flowers are perished, some hopes dead,
And many golden dreams are o'er.

But joys are springing round me still,
And friendship yet illumes my way;
While flowers no blight of time can kill
Are blooming in my path to-day.

New visions for the old are given,
"And wingless hopes the soul to cheer;"
Though dark sometimes the ways of heaven,
"Beyond the tide" shall all be clear.

Then perish, visions of the past:
Let every golden dream depart,
If only I may win at last,
A title with the pure in heart.

LAST WORDS.

"Bury me in the sunshine."

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
I would not have my tomb
Where the vaulted dead are sleeping,
Shrouded in sculptured gloom.
But out where the clear bright sunshine
Its golden splendors shed,
Away on some flowery hillside
I'd slumber when I am dead.

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
Make me a quiet grave
Where the zephyrs may play above me
And the long grass o'er me wave.
But raise no stone to my memory,
Plant but a single tree
Where the wild birds morn and even
May trill their songs o'er me.

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
Lay me away to sleep
Where violets and sun-eyed daisies
Their vigils in summer keep.
But raise no stone to my memory,
Let the breezes my requiem be,
Out in the quiet sunshine,
'Mid the flowers, oh bury me.

TO ONE AT REST.

"Thou hast first begun the travel of eternity,
I gaze upon the stars and think that thou art there
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee."

Can it be so, art thou walking to-day,
In that shadowless region by mortals untrod?
Have thy feet left this dusty arena for aye,
To walk in the courts of the city of God?
Art thou safe evermore from the storm and the strife,
Which shadow the homes of the dwellers below?
Art thou wearing the crown, and the garments of Life
Where rivers of crystal unceasingly flow?

I know thou art gone, that thy feet never more
Shall walk on the banks of the river of Time,
But somewhere beyond on the unsinning shore,
Thou breathest the air of a glorified clime.
To faith thou art visible, though from my view
Thou art hidden awhile, as I wander o'er earth,
But when morning shall dawn, and the dark night is through,
I shall greet thee again in the land of thy birth.

I rejoice thou art there in that region of light,
Where the din of the conflict and strife is unheard,
Where darkness ne'er falls from the pinions of night,
Nor the air by the wing of the tempest is stirred.
Where the sun-blaze ne'er scorches, the star-beams ne'er chill,
Nor thorns lurk unseen 'mid the beautiful flowers;
Where the voice of the tempter forever is still,
And the wail of the stricken unheard 'mid the bowers.

I wonder if there thou dost ever behold
"The river of time in its turbulent flow;"
Dost thou ever look down from the city of gold
On the home of thy sojourn in valleys below?
Dost thou hear all the words I am whispering to thee,
As I walk 'mid the sunshine and shadow of earth;
Wilt thou come to the gates of the city for me,
To welcome me into the land of thy birth.

I know thou art there, in the land of the blest,
Though my feet still must tread the rough paths of the world;
Thou art there where the earth-worn and weary find rest,
And the banner of peace is forever unfurled.
I would not recall thee, though one whispered word
Would bring thee again to the tent-ground of time,
I rejoice thou art there where earth's strife is unheard,
"In the sweet fields of Eden," in glory sublime.

Thou art there, blissful thought, where the shadow of sin
Ne'er darkens the light of that beautiful place;
Thou art there with thy Saviour and angels shut in,
And tear-stains forever are wiped from thy face.
My garments are dark with the mildew of earth,
And my heart is oft burdened with sorrow and care,
But I think of the beautiful home of thy birth,
And rejoice in my sorrow to know thou art there.

MY CHILDHOOD'S FRIENDS.

Where are they to-night, the friends of the past?
Why come they not at my earnest call?
Why sit I alone 'mid the waning light,
And list in vain for their footstep's fall?

Sitting here in the still hush of the autumn twilight, my thoughts float back through the dreary mazes of the past, to the far mystic realms of childhood. How quickly the years of childhood passed, and though the days seemed long and bright we scarcely deemed them passing until they were gone. I love sometimes to bid adieu to the stern, cold present and steal back to those sunny years. Often as I sit and muse in the dim light of closing day the memory of them flashes before me like a dream of delight, and the sweet happy faces of childhood's friends in fancy throng around me. There is a vision of a little group of childhood's friends before me to-night. Life-like they appear in all the glory and freshness of their early youth. There are my three cousins, Jennie, Bess and May; our mutual friends Mary, Sue, Ettie and Side, and my own sweet sister Lula.

In fancy I behold them as they appeared to me at that early time; Jennie, with deep thoughtful eyes, and dark, rich curls falling down over her neck and shoulders; Bess, with eyes of sparkling black and cheeks like roses; May, with soft hazel eyes and hair of golden brown; Mary, with pure intellectual brow and eyes of melting blue; Sue, with pale, sweet face and eyes in which sun-

beams seemed ever playing; Ettie, with rosy dimpled cheeks, and roguish, laughing eyes; Side, with pale, lofty brow and long, brown tresses; and laughing sister Lula, with eyes deep as midnight stars, and tresses of raven blackness.

Swiftly the years flew by on golden pinions, and the members of that little group in their maturing loveliness mingled in their sunny homes, nor dreamed that a time would come when their joys should be less.

O, happy childhood, which sees no ill beyond the shadow of a passing cloud, well would it be if more of thy unquestioning trust were carried along the pathway of maturer years. "But change with time will come." All too quickly the smiling years sped away, while each as it passed stole some sweet pleasure from our grasp. Silently, almost imperceptibly, childhood gave place to the radiant dawn of youth, and yet our little group remained unbroken. But not long were we thus to remain. One sweet May morn, Bess, with the glory of seventeen springs mantling her brow and flushing her cheeks, put on her bridal robes, bade adieu to her childhood's home, and went to another home by the side of the murmuring sea. Jennie's dark eyes were filled with tears, and May's sunny brow grew strangely sorrowful, as they bade their sister the first sad adieu.

A lessened but joyous group, we watched the golden summer pass, and while the impress of her latest kiss still lingered on field and forest, and the last peals of her joyous song echoed through glen and glade, Sue left us. Radiantly beautiful she looked as she stood in the rich

glow of the autumn sunlight, with the snowy folds of her bridal robes falling loosely about her, while in low sweet tones she plighted her betrothal vows with one of Scotia's sons. When next we met there was a sad vacancy in our little circle, but alas, a sadder change yet awaited us.

One chill December morn, ere yet the stars had left their watch-tower on the empyrean hills, the death angel came on viewless pinions, and bore away our darling Lula. For hours she had seemed lingering on the threshold of her unseen home, and when at last the messenger arrived to bear her hence, she gave one parting look to the loved of earth, then reached out her white hands to go unto the Evermore. One day later the coffined form of her we loved was borne away forever from our sight! In the faded earth, beneath weeping skies, they laid her down to her dreamless rest, never more to waken until a voice from the skies shall bid the slumbering dead come forth in the fresh immortal vigor of the Resurrection.

Sleep on beloved one! and may we who watched thy entrance into heaven, one day join thee within the pearly gates of the Eternal city.

Slowly the cold chill winter passed, and when spring was again kissing the flowers into bloom, the quiet, thoughtful Jennie bade adieu to the home of her girlhood, and went to the light of another. One year more and the gifted Mary too bade adieu to her home and friends, and went with her heart's chosen one to a distant scene of toil.

More than half the little group that had formed the circle of childhood's friends was now gone. Of those who had often gathered at the holy hush of eve, four only remained. Chastened and subdued these yet lingered in the old familiar places, but when the golden summer again came round, another was missing from our number. With the fading flowers our beautiful May began to droop. Day by day her brow grew paler, and the hectic flush upon her cheek deepened, but we who watched beside her fondly hoped that the spring-time with its warm sunshine and balmy airs would restore her wasted bloom. Alas, vain hope! The spring-time came with its budding glories, and incense of all things lovely, and nature aroused from her slumbers once more smiled beneath her coronal of flowers; but she the lovely human flower still paled beneath disease's withering touch. To those who watched her fading, her beauty each day waxed more ethereal, and when the budding spring had gone, and summer was flinging her first golden showers into the lap of nature, she closed her eyes to the world of beauty around her, and went to bloom anew in the gardens of the song-blest land.

"And so delightful are her years
In that transcendent world of bliss:
The pleadings of our earthly love
Have never made her yearn for this.
O what a blessed thing it is,
For those who cross that solemn main,
There is no voyage of return
Back to a world of death again."

Earth, thy glories are frail and fleeting; we reach out the hand to grasp them and they are gone. And so

must it ever be; for amid earth's brightest glories—"there lurks the blighting mildew."

Two of my childhood's friends yet linger beneath the sheltering boughs of their early home. We meet sometimes to recount our mutual joys and sorrows, but those who gathered with us at youth's early morn greet us not. In fancy sometimes we recall them—

> "But the light of their eyes and their sweet sunny smile
> Only flash 'round the heart with a 'wildering wile,
> And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming."

Some day, perchance, we shall all meet again. In the mansion-house of our Father we shall renew our early friendship, and the severed links in love's golden chain shall forever be re-united.

THE POET'S DREAM.

TO S. O. FULTON, THE EARLY TEACHER, AND VERY HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND OF THE AUTHORESS, THIS POEM IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

The Poet sat in his favorite bower,
'Mid clustering vines and flowerets fair;
And the sunbeams stole through the emerald leaves,
And tenderly nestled amid his hair.
And the summer breeze as it floated by,
Paused, a kiss to leave on his upturned brow,
While a bright-winged bird trilled its song of love
From its chosen perch on a leafy bough.

The wild bees hummed, as they homeward hied,
From the honeyed bowers of their garden wild;
The great world rang with the din of care,
And childhood playing, the hours beguiled.
Through the half closed boughs came an echo faint,
Of the far off hum of the busy strife,
And it stirred a wish in the Poet's soul
To traverse the mystic ways of life.

The sun crept down from his southern zone,
To his home mid the purple hills of the west;
The goldfinch hopped from his leafy bough,
And stole away to his downy nest.
Yet the Poet lingered his flowers among,
Nor knew that the angel sleep drew nigh,
Till he felt the touch of her passing wings,
And her snowy plumes swept his dreamy eye.

The Poet slept, and the sheltering vines
Bent lower, as if a guard to keep;
But a vision brighter than tree or flower,
Illumined for him the realms of sleep.
He dreamed he roamed through the mystic ways
He had yearned in his waking hours to tread;
He quaffed the golden "Elixir of Life,"
And with Venus through groves of enchantment sped.

Rare scenes of beauty were everywhere,
Gay birds and butterflies thronged the bowers;
Sweet music flowed on the scented breeze,
And the landscape blushed with its wealth of flowers.

Above him smiled fair cerulean skies,
Undimmed by the shade of a passing cloud,
And the grand old trees of the forest wild,
'Neath the weight of their leafy garlands bowed.

On, on, through magical realms he passed,
Where gems of lore shed a lustre bright,
And white hands pointed his raptured gaze
To a temple far up on a glittering height.
And one in the bloom of her tender youth,
With white flowers twined in her shining hair,
Laid her hand in his at the shrine of Love,
And whispered her vows to Hymen there.

New joy awoke in the Poet's soul;
Strange bliss in his trembling heart was stirred,
While strains more entrancing filled the air
Than the matin songs of an Eden bird.
The golden hours as they flitted by
No shadow of evil or sorrow cast;
Sweet haloes encircled the star of his hopes,
And bright eyes brightened where'er he passed.

And ever beside him, in hall or bower,
Walked the gifted being his love had won;—
His own—his beautiful—bride of his heart,—
In the sky of his glories the star—the sun,
No frown e'er shadowed her radiant brow,
Nought marred the smiles on her rose-lips fair,
And ever for him she donned white robes,
And wore sweet flowers in her shining hair.

* * * * * *

The Poet awoke,—his bower was dark,
With only the light of stars above ;
The dew lay chill on the folded flowers,
And the night bird chaunted its song of love.
Long the Poet mused on his mystic dream,—
'Twas only a dream he knew full well,—
Yet it stirred new depths in his yearning soul,
And bound his heart by its magic spell.

* * * * * *

The Poet went forth in the great world's strife,
Afar from his home, his friends, his flowers ;
And the strains of his star-tuned harp flowed oft
Through hall, and grove, and vine-wreathed bowers ;
But he found no clime like the land of his dream ;—
No skies so bright,—no flowers so fair ;—
For sorrow anon would its shadow rest,
And bow he must to the spoiler Care.

Alas for the dreams of this mortal life,
Alas for the hopes our youth holds fast,
They come, they pass, and our yearning hearts
Learn all too soon that they may not last ;
But there is a clime where the flowers ne'er fade,
Fairer than any our dreams have known,
Where the heart with "hope deferred" ne'er pines,
And the eye never weeps over pleasures flown !

A land where the beautiful ever blooms,—
A clime where the star-beams cease to chill,—
A region ne'er shadowed by sorrow or blight,—
Where even death has no power to kill;
A home—where the treasures we've laid away,
Pale and cold 'neath the valley's sod,
Shall wake, and brighten, and bloom anew,—
No more to die—in the garden of God.

SONNET TO S———

I sit alone in twilight's dewy hush,
And watch the shadows as they come and go;
Without I hear the gentle zephyrs blow,
While from the west pales day's last lingering blush.
I wonder if thou too dost watch like me
This day's declining glory: dost thou hear
The footsteps of the night approaching near?
The full-orbed moon in beauty dost thou see?
Through the dim distance dost thou deign to send
To me one thought? perchance our thoughts shall meet
Somewhere in the dividing space, and blend,
If such may be, in mystic union sweet:
And thus though we from each may dwell afar,
One joy is ours no space nor time can mar.

DIED ON THE RACE.

Lines suggested by hearing of the death of Renforth, the Champion Oarsman, who died in the great Anglo-Canadian Boat Race, Aug. 23rd, 1871.

The race unfinished, and afar
The goal still unrevealed to view;
Around the peaceful slumbering waves
Before the silent rival crew,
The champion oarsman views the scene,
As forward turns his steady eye,
He sees the widening space between,
And breathes his watchword "win or die."

Dense throngs of watchers line the shores,
With eager eye and bated breath,
They watch the swiftly gliding boats,
But know not one whose name is Death
Is out upon the waters too;
They know not that his fatal dart
Is lodged, and rankles even now
Deep in the champion oarsman's heart.

None see the phantom boat glide near,
Or dream the Death is on the race;
The rival crews sweep boldly on,
While hope of victory lights each face.
But see! the champion's arm is still,
His oar laid down, his failing eye
Turns to the shore again, while he
Pleads to be taken back to die.

His comrades row towards the shore ;
Gone is the hope of victory now ;
One thought directs, they only see
That look upon their champion's brow.
Unheeded fall the crowd's strange shouts
As hurrying to and fro they run,
For one the race is finished now,
The mystic goal of life is won.

Strange mystery all—strange power, before
Whom mightiest champions bend the knee,
Strange, viewless presence, felt alike
On peopled land or sail-spread sea.
Once unto all thy message comes,
Within thy quiver thou dost bear
An arrow for each human heart,
And seal which every brow must wear.

All bow to thy stern sway, O, Death ;
All yield to thy relentless hand ;
All hear thy summons and go forth ;
None disobey thy mute command.
Invincible thou walk'st the earth,
The mightiest fall beneath thy breath ;
And victors lay their laurels down,
And yield the palm to thee, O, Death.

"THE DREAM WARNING."

'Twas the close of a bright May day. The sun had just gone down in a flood of crimson glory, and earth was being enveloped in the soft dreamy folds of twilight. The shops in the busy thoroughfares were already closed, and the echo of feet in the streets was becoming less frequent, though numbers still lingered without to enjoy the tranquility of the hour, and draw a generous breath after the close and fatiguing labors of the day. One there was who had not yet left the shadow of his office, though its duties no longer demanded his attention.

The doctor, for he it was, still lingered in his place of business. His duties of late had pressed heavily upon him.

His calls for some days past had been almost more than he could meet, and even the shadowy hours frequently found him on his way to the bedside of the suffering, or in the chamber of the sick. His mind too of late had been ill at ease, and this particular evening found it in a more perturbed state than usual.

Finding himself alone, he did not attempt to dismiss his unpleasant reflections, but sinking into his office chair, he soon became so absorbed in his contemplations, as to be oblivious to everything else.

And what was the important subject which so weighed upon the mind of the young doctor? For he was young, —the dews of youth still lay brightly on his brow, and no thread of silver yet gleamed among his dark locks. Ah, it was enough to disturb a more hardened conscience

than his. The cup of healing was not the only one he held to the lips of others. Another, whose crimson drops aroused the deadliest passions, amid the dregs of which death and woe eternal slumbered, had too been lifted by his hand, and proffered to others. His conscience had never failed to upbraid him for the act, and now that he had leisure to think calmly, the deed seemed more appalling than ever. He was not a stranger to the evil effects of the traffic. Instances were not wanting of those in his own profession, who had sacrificed a promising manhood, a good practice, and the confidence and respect of friends, at the shrine of this same power. He had melancholy proof, even in his own village, almost at his own door, of the truth of the words of the wise man; "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." But the love of gain was strong within him. "Good, respectable men" he argued, "were in the business,—men who had at one time occupied the temperance platform. Surely they would not have forsaken their post, had they not been certain it was safe to do so. And they seemed to prosper. Their friends were not less numerous than before. Their minds appeared perfectly at ease, and joy and plenty surrounded them. It might not be so very wrong after all; perhaps there was no harm in it, but if he found there was, he would give it up. It did not make much difference any way. If he did not engage in the business some person else would. The public would be furnished with the beverage; why not he reap the gain as well as another?"

Thus reasoning, he had suffered himself to be led into

the snare; but better thoughts often stirred his mind, and his conscience, in spite of all the arguments invented to appease it, was often anxious and troubled. Vague fears took possession of his heart, and sometimes he half resolved to let the terrible business alone; but the love and hope of gain lured him on, former excuses were revived, and each succeeding day found him more securely fettered by the toils of the Tempter.

His relatives and friends sadly deplored the step he had taken. His wife, in the depth of her great sorrow, sometimes remonstrated with him. His aged mother refused to believe that he, her idolized son, her good, her beautiful, high-souled boy, had stooped so low. Ah! well for the loving heart that she has such implicit faith! Better that sweet trust in her boy's innocence than the bitter truth!

Twilight faded, and the darkness of night settled in heavy folds upon the quiet village; still the Doctor sat with head bowed low, unmindful of the darkness, heedless of the lateness of the hour, pondering the solemn question which was becoming like a fire in his heart, precluding the possibility of rest or peace.

After a time, there came a lull in the tempest of thought which was deluging his soul. The gates of dream-land unclosed, and he glided noiselessly through. He next found himself in a broad green valley, through which coursed a majestic river, adown which myriads of crafts of all sizes and descriptions were constantly floating; some with gay pennons streaming on the breeze, others dim and shadowy like phantom ships drifting away to the sea of Death. A dark and seemingly intermina-

ble forest stretched away to the left, while on the right rose a rough, jagged mountain, whose heights seemed to penetrate the clouds. A path wound from the base of the mountain up among its lofty summits. As the Doctor gazed upon the mountain, towering thus beyond the limit of his vision, an impulse seized him to try the ascent. At first he threaded his way with difficulty, but higher up the path became broader, and presented fewer obstacles. Finally he reached the summit, but here a spectacle met his sight that made him almost wish himself back again in the valley below. Not far from him on a huge rock sat a being of gigantic proportions. His hair, white as polar snows, streamed far down over his shoulders. His form was enveloped in a long, grey mantle, that looked as though it might have been rent from the clouds floating just above him. His countenance was kind but inflexible. Before him was spread an immense parchment, part of which was covered with singular looking inscriptions, which he appeared to be intensely studying, while he occasionally added another to the number Raising himself to an upright position and lifting his eyes from the parchment before him, his gaze met that of the Doctor. Immediately he advanced towards him. "Thou comest," said he, "from the valley below Be thankful that no evil has befallen thee, and come with me. I may perhaps show thee something that may be of benefit to thee at some future time." He then led him to the rock upon which he had been previously seated, and resumed his former position. "I am," said he, "the Scribe of Time. I have kept his records since the beginning, and shall until the close. The

events of each century fill a scroll. As each one is finished it is taken by the Great One and laid up among the archives of his kingdom, to be preserved until the nations are brought to judgment. The parchment which thou beholdest spread out upon this rock contains the record of the present century until now. The history of thy life is here faithfully and impartially chronicled. Each act, whether good or evil, is written down. All who ascend this mountain are required to read the records I have made concerning them. The characters I have used appear unintelligible to thee, but I have an instrument which will make them plain. I cannot talk to thee longer now. Here is the instrument through which thou must look, which at present is all that is necessary."

The scribe then went on with his work, and the Doctor, trembling with vague fear, prepared to follow his directions.

The history of his childhood was brief, and contained no very startling events. That of youth wore a deeper coloring. There were the high resolves, the noble purposes with which he had started out in the world—his choice of a profession, his struggle with difficulties; his final triumph. Then followed the events of his professional career; not only his acts but the motives underlying them. At first the noble determination of bending every energy to stem in some degree the terrible tide of disease in the world;—his unremitting exertions in behalf of the suffering;—his adherence to and advocacy of the principles of temperance;—his steady success and more than anticipated profits. Gladly would he have left the remainder of his life-history unread; but he had

no power to stop; he must trace it to the close. Next followed his sad degeneracy,—his ambition for gain,—his forgetfulness of the high resolves and noble purposes of his earlier years,—his yielding up of principle for the sake of sordid pelf,—his struggle with conscience,—his obedience to the suggestions of the tempter, and at last his terrible engagement in the traffic which maddens its victims ere it sends them down to death. Darker and darker grew the record. Every character seemed to be inscribed in blood. He saw no longer the scribe at his side; but a hand which he knew to be the hand of God pointed to the record before him, and an invisible power compelled him to read on—"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also." The words flashed up before him like miniature tongues of flame. Again they seemed like serpents with fiery gleaming eyes, thrusting their poisonous fangs into his face. A terrible darkness settled around him. The mountain trembled violently, as though shaken by some internal power. The earth yawned beneath him, and he sank down, down through the pitchy darkness, amid yells of demoniac triumph, into what seemed the very jaws of hell. A terrible horror seized him. Fearful questions flashed through his mind. "Was he meeting his final doom? Were the dreadful sounds he heard the wail of lost spirits? Would he never go back to earth again, never look again upon the face of his wife, nor hold in his arms their beautiful boy? O if he could

only go back, how much wiser and better he would be, how differently he would act." Dimly through the pitchy darkness flickered a pale, fitful light. A number of dark forms were gathered near it, and a confused sound of voices echoed through the dismal place. Some of the dark ones had met in council. Gradually their voices became more distinct; and the Doctor, suspended just above, could not avoid hearing the discussion that ensued.

"It appears to me," said the first speaker, "that our Prince has been in too great haste this time."— "Why," inquired another, "what has he done?"— "You know that Doctor who lives at S——. He engaged in the liquor traffic not long since. He had a few qualms of conscience about it I believe, but his love of gain held him captive, and he would have overcome them in a little time; but by some means he found his way up the mountain where the scribe of Time keeps the records of the world. and he was of course compelled to read the record of his own life. There were some things toward the last which rather alarmed him, as his conscience was still a little tender, and the Enemy of our Prince, thinking this a favorable moment to still further alarm him and induce him to give up the traffic altogether, added some still more alarming characters to the record, until I suppose the poor man really wished himself out of the business. Our Prince, passing along, at once saw the state of affairs, and fearful of losing the Doctor from his rank, called in haste a number of his friends around him

and I believe they are bringing the man down through a chasm in the mountain, but for my part I think it a very short-sighted piece of work, and I wonder at our Prince very much."

"I think his satanic majesty was very wise to do so," said a third friend.—"Better to bring the Doctor here than to lose his services entirely. Very likely, if he had not been nabbed just at the moment he was, he would have escaped us altogether, and perhaps gone back to his discarded temperance principles, and undone the service he has rendered us, and there is no telling how many others he might have induced to imbibe the same views. Indeed, I think it is much better to have him where he can have no power to injure our cause."

The fiend that had first spoken laughed a derisive laugh. Addressing himself to the last speaker, he said: "You might learn something if you would take a tour with me some day through the world. Do not imagine that men are so easily frightened out of their cherished sins. They love them too dearly to give them up for a slight warning, whereas they are easily enticed into them. Why, there is a man living at A—— who, a few years ago, was looked up to as a man of inflexible temperance principles, and he can now deal out liquor as placidly as he then advocated temperance, and I believe his heart is more in the work. Nothing very powerful was brought to influence him either. I just appeared before him in the guise of a friend, and whispered confidentially in his ear that there was a favorable opening for him to make money, and that he had better

take advantage of it. In fact, I made it quite appear that it was his duty, by representing to him that a neighbor of his, who had been in the business for some time, kept spurious liquors which were injurious to his customers, and that it would really be a benefit to the community if some honest person, such as I knew him to be, would provide pure liquors for the accommodation of travellers and others who might deem it necessary to take an occasional glass. He thought my suggestions were excellent, and determined at once to act upon them.

"There is another man at G—— who not long since occupied an important post in a certain temperance organization, but who can now not only deal out the liquid fire to others, but swallow it himself without a single compunctious feeling. And there is no scarcity of such men. They hardly need the care of our fraternity. They will come to us ere long, laden with spoils almost as great as any that we can boast of. And this Doctor we were talking about. It is just a stupid piece of short-sightedness to bring him among us so soon. He would no doubt in a very little time have recovered from his fright, and become a greater devotee of our Prince than before. We will not stand half so good a chance of getting that boy of his either, for his mother is bitterly opposed to the traffic, and she will do all in her power to prevent him from ever becoming entang'ed in its snare. But I wonder they are not here with the Doctor by this time. We ought to have some of our best fiery beverage prepared to treat him with when he does arrive. We will give him a somewhat hotter dose

than his customers are used to getting. The services he has rendered our fraternity deserve at least some recompense, though he might have aided us more if he had not been hurried away from the work so soon."

Terrified beyond description, the Doctor had listened to the remarks of the dreadful fiend. The darkness above and around him was as pitchy as ever, and he expected every moment to be precipitated among the fiends below. Suddenly a yell more fierce and terrible than any he had before heard pierced the waves of darkness, and the dark domain shook to its very centre.

Trembling with fear, the Doctor awoke; but so deep was the darkness in his office, and so vivid to his mind the scenes through which he had just passed, that he had some difficulty in collecting his scattered senses sufficiently to remember where he was.

When he became thoroughly awake, he arose, left his office, and proceeded slowly homeward. The vision he had seen was not calculated to allay the fears that had previously disturbed his mind. The words, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also," floated through his mind with a new and solemn meaning.

The question, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?" seemed sounding to him from another world. "What, indeed, shall it profit me?" he repeated, and he shuddered as he again thought of the awful woe pronounced upon the man who should hold the poison cup to the lips of his fellow.

"Did he go back to the traffic in death and his eager money-getting?"

We do not know, but let us hope not. The dream was doubtless sent in mercy; and we would fain believe that his after life was such as to prove that the warning was not in vain.